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THE PELHAM



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APRIL 1940

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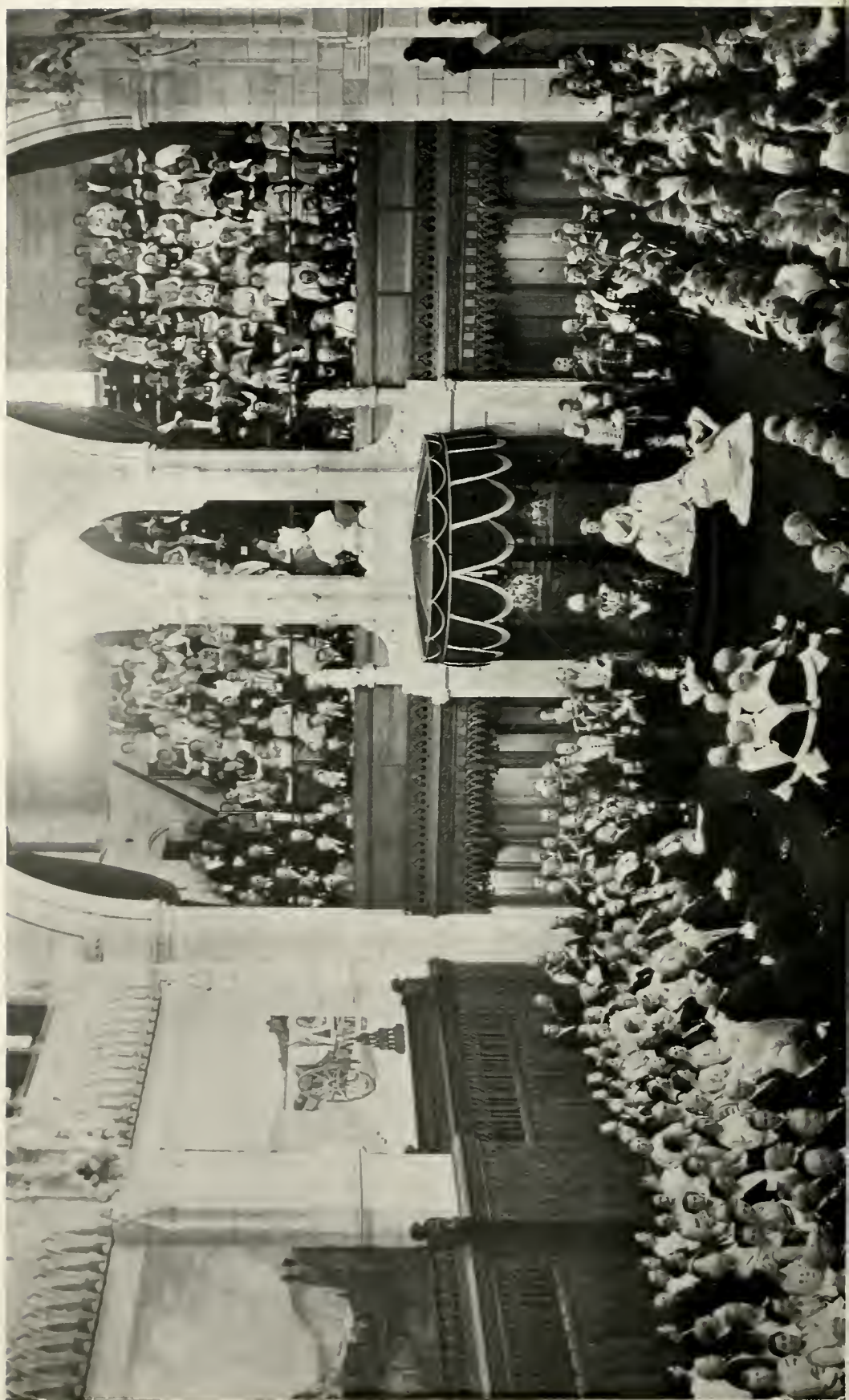
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THE ROYAL VISIT TO PARLIAMENT, MAY 19, 1939.—THEIR MAJESTIES TAKING THE SALUTE OF THE GUARD OF HONOUR BEFORE THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, MAY 19, 1939.

Courtesy, Department of Trade and Commerce.



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HIS EXCELLENCY, BARON TWEEDSMUIR OF ELSFIELD

1875-1940

—*Courtesy Royal Military College, Kingston*

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRINCIPAL



EDWARD L. CROSSLEY, *Principal* may learn to live more abundantly.

IF ALL human wants could be satisfied without any effort, there might be fewer problems to-day of production or of distribution.

But while she has provided abundant opportunities for producing the means of satisfying human wants, Nature has decreed that man must work.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," or to give Virgil's interpretation of the same law,

"The sire of all, great Jove himself, decreed

No work save those that task us shall succeed."

And since it is by work that the wants of man are satisfied, it is of vital interest that this work shall be so directed as to yield the best possible return in human satisfaction. While it is desirable that the energy required for the satisfaction of human wants be used most economically, not that men may work less strenuously, it is of the utmost importance that they

Courage is a quality that greatly adds to the effectiveness of a man in any line of work. Ability to co-operate with others is essential to good relations with all others throughout life. Knowledge is essential to good judgment. It is only the active-minded man who continually looks for new information and who will keep informed in all the branches of knowledge which form the basis of whatever task he is called upon to do in life.

I hope that during school life, our graduates have attained that thirst for information, some ability to co-operate with others in all worthwhile enterprises, and courage, which is defined by Webster as "That quality of mind which enables one to encounter danger and difficulties with firmness or without fear or fainting of heart." True courage presupposes a correct estimate of one's own ability, knowledge of the task to be performed, good judgment in undertaking or refusing to undertake the work, and resoluteness in carrying it out if undertaken. Courage will increase your usefulness in these difficult days in which we are now living.

"Canada is a North American nation with a jealously maintained European connection. She has therefore, many problems in common with the United States, and certain others due to her membership in the British Empire. That is to say, she has affiliations with the world at large which differentiates her from other North American peoples . . . I like to think of her with her English and French peoples, as in a special degree the guardian of the great Mediterranean tradition which descends from Greece and Rome, and which she has to mould to the uses of a new world."

—Lord Tweedsmuir.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SCHOOL BOARD

AS we continue to carry on the work of this school, how happy we should be to know that we have facilities here by which the youth of this district may so develop their intelligence as to become publicly useful and privately happy citizens of this fair land; for this is really the true aim of all education. It may be there are critical times ahead and we may see but dimly any ray of hope for a greater school here in Pelham; but with a vision of our possibilities commensurate with circumstances, let us all do our bit to give this school the high place it should have in this community. So Students and Parents and Teachers, let us be optimistic for the future of this school and also for the future of all mankind.



J. M. LEPPERT

We live in a progressive age; each year brings us nearer to a realization of the high ideals for which we all should aim, that of a wider liberty, more just law, more practical science, and a more tolerant religion; for in these we have evidence of an advancing civilization. And while we have those in every age who cry, "The Golden Age is Past," and that the world is growing worse, we cannot believe it; for when we look at nature, particularly at this season, there is manifest within it the element of hope, not despair, and history confirms the verdict of nature; for by it we see in every realm of civilization the progress of humanity. Thus with the high ideals and efficiency of our present staff leading the way, may we look forward to a bright future for the progress of this school.

We anticipated in your last issue of the Pelham Pnyx the visit of their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth and now we have realized their coming and do appreciate more than ever how great a force a crown can mean to co-ordinate and unify an already loyal and devoted people and our hearts were thrilled with the worthiness of that admiration and loyalty.

We will again look forward with interest for the 1940 edition of the Pelham Pnyx and may its pages be worthy of the splendid students of P. C. S. for thus will its success be assured.

JOSEPH M. LEPPERT, *Chairman.*

In Memoriam

In Loving Memory of
the late

JOSEPH RIDD ELLIOT

Born September 4, 1922

Died April 19, 1940

He is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.
Day after day we think what he is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, his tender steps pursuing,
Behold him grown more fair.



A DESPERATE SITUATION

THE SITUATION was desperate, to put it mildly. The business manager with his competent assistants had amassed a quantity of ads sufficient to warrant the publication of the eighth annual PELHAM PNYX.

Hundreds of ads compiled with difficulty, just waiting to be printed! And to what end? A few musty jokes, a stray pun, and an enigmatic paragraph were all the material that the editor had received. The editor hinted for, essayed for and finally demanded material.

"Better I should publish an almanac," fumed the editor who could be seen tearing his hair.

But all was not yet lost. Through the medium of auditorium assemblies, teachers and finally the radio, school-wide appeals were made for magazine material. Indolent English classes were exhorted. Teachers threatened to use extreme measures. Not even the lowly pun deemed it worth while to wend its way to the office. An ultimatum was reached; a special assembly called; the result . . . either . . . or else.

Upper School determined to turn out some masterpieces. A barrel churn was set up in 3rd form; similes, metaphors, oxymorons, metonymys, hyperboles, cute and quaint sayings, anything and everything was dumped in.

The other forms followed upper school's lead and for one whole week short stories, essays, jokes and even the ubiquitous pun were churned up until it appeared that "Ye Olde Pelham Pnyx" would most assuredly be bigger and better than ever.

What part is P. C. S. playing in this war? As soon as Canada declared war on Germany the boys of P. C. S. began to agitate for a Cadet Corps. After the authorities had granted permission to organize the corps almost every boy in the school voluntarily enrolled without hesitation. The students and the teachers have given generously to swell P. C. S.'s contribution to the Red Cross and the Salvation Army. This article could not be complete without worthy mention of those graduates of P. C. S. who have enlisted in our armed forces. The students of this school are solidly behind the men who are carrying Canada's war effort to the Western Front, and this patriotic spirit helps rank the Niagara Peninsula among the most loyal districts of the Dominion.

IN MEMORIAM

BY MARGARET TUCK



ETHELWYN WETHERALD

—*Courtesy McClelland and Stewart*

THE HAND that has penned many of the finer contributions to Canadian Literature was stilled on March 10th, 1940, when Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, renowned authoress and poetess, passed away at her home in Fenwick, in her 83rd year.

Miss Wetherald was born at Rockwood, Ontario, on April 26, 1857, one of a family of eleven children, of Irish and English parentage. Mr. Wetherald was the founder of Rockwood Academy. The family moved to Fenwick after Mr. Wetherald resigned his position as superintendent of Havergal College, Philadelphia, to become an ordained minister of the Society of Friends. Their home came to be known as "The Tall Evergreens," because of the spruces and firs around it. It was under her father's tutelage that Miss Wetherald received much of her early education. Later she attended the Friends' Boarding School at Union Springs, N.Y. and Pickering College, Ontario.

During her school days she excelled in English but she has confessed that she was a hopeless problem in Mathematics and spoke French with a marked British accent. Ethelwyn Wetherald began to write verse in her early teens and at the age of seventeen received her first cheque to the open astonishment of her schoolmates who thought it absurd that anyone should receive money for writing a string of verses. She has written for a number of magazines and other publications during her long career. Readers of the old *Globe* will remember her articles, written under the nom de plume of Bel Thistlethwaite. These contributions in 1887-88 led to her appointment in 1889 as woman's editor of that paper. In 1890, John Cameron resigned his position as editor of the *Globe* and became the editor of the magazine "Wives and Daughters," which was published in London, Ontario. Miss Wetherald became his assistant and it was during these years in London that she started writing lyrics and sonnets. In 1895 she finished her first book of poetry, "The House of the Trees" and other poems. Since then she has written, "Tangled in the Stars," "The Radiant Road," and "The Last Robin, Lyrics and Sonnets." Earl Grey, Governor General of Canada at the time, found the poems in this latter collection so appealing that he ordered twenty-five more copies for friends. In 1911, Canada's silver-tongued orator, Sir Wilfred Laurier, quoted a poem from this book entitled "Orders" in the House of Commons. Miss Wetherald also has the distinction of being the first Canadian writer to have a poem appear in a Canadian school reader. It was her beautiful descriptive poem "Red-Winged

Blackbird," that won her this honour. "Tree Top Morning," which appeared in 1921 was wholly comprised of verses for young people to whom she was very devoted. Her letters to the Patty Perkins column in our local paper, the Welland Tribune, under the pen-name of Octo, will be treasured by its members. Among her acquaintances were numbered such outstanding literary figures as Wilfred Campbell, Marjorie Pickthall, Frances Bellamy. During the last fifteen years of her life, Miss Wetherald seldom left home, but she retained her keen interest in Literature and she was a gracious hostess to the hundreds of people who visited her. In 1931 a volume of three hundred and fifty poems which Miss Wetherald wished to be preserved together with her interesting reminiscences was arranged by John Garvin. A copy of this book was presented to our school by Miss Wetherald in February, 1933, and is treasured by staff and students. In closing I should like to quote what I consider to be one of the most beautiful poems of this collection.

AT WAKING

When I shall go to sleep and wake again
At dawning in another world than this,
What will atone to me for all I miss?
The light melodious footsteps of the rain,
The press of leaves against my window-pane,
The sunset wistfulness and morning bliss,
The moon's enchantment, and the twilight kiss
Of winds that wander with me through the lane.
Will not my soul remember evermore
The earthly winter's hunger for the spring,
The wet sweet cheek of April and the rush
Of roses through the summer's open door,
The feelings that the scented woodlands bring
At evening with the singing of the thrush?



« «

STORIES AND ESSAYS

» »

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

by Myrtle Walker, GRADE XII

AT THE striking of six o'clock, Ma Perry's feet came in contact with the coldness of the bedroom floor; she had a lot to do this morning. To-day Janie was marrying the young doctor from the other side of town. Though filled with many misgivings as to the outcome of her daughter's marriage, she assumed an air of quiet assurance. At least outwardly, nobody knew that her heart was heavy within her, for though her girl had gone to high school, she was not of Dr. Jim's class.

"Now, ain't that fine!" she had said on the night that Janie, coming in late from the dance, her eyes shining with a strange mixture of love and tears had told her.

"Jim has asked me to marry him, ma," but her heart was heavy within her.

Making her way to the window she stole a few minutes, looking down on the squalid street—strewn with paper and bottles dragged from open ash cans in the night by prowling hungry dogs, to prepare herself for the day. She sighed—the night had been so long, without a wink of sleep. From the house across the way, she saw a man come out, lunch pail under arm, and hurry up the street. He had to leave early with five hungry mouths waiting—and then the baby only a few weeks old, but already sick and ailing. If only he could have a draught-proof house and decent food, she thought. Then tumbling from the house next door she saw three tiny thin dirty boys begin to sprawl in the thick dust in front of their door. They were such noisy children and always up at the crack of dawn. By noon they should be as dirty as usual, their high voices, mingled with the whine of factory whistles and the ragman's cry, grating on the nerves. How she disliked this place—the children ill-clad, thin and listless; the adults gaunt, weary, and irritable. The low tumbling down houses seemed to be pushed out of shape by the tall frowning brown-faced, bleak-eyed tenements on either side. From window, to window strung across the narrow alley-ways, hanging from fences and widow sills were dirty torn undergarments, dresses—the clothes of these families.

Hastily she donned her clothes. She had wasted too much time already. Thank goodness, the day would be too full of work and excitement to be able to give her worries more than a passing thought now and then. Coming down the stairs, she shivered. They couldn't afford to keep a fire in the house all night, and when the wind blew down the openings between the houses, it sent its icy breath up and through the cracks in the walls and floors of the ugly old house.

At half past ten Ma Perry watched Janie, and while helping her bathe for the first time in many years, she thought how far apart from her daughter she had been. As she dusted the slim body with faint-smelling powder and clothed her in the fine garments, she realized that probably this would be her last chance to be intimate with Janie. She knew that after to-day Janie and she would be living in different worlds and with a sudden pang she resolved to keep as much out of Janie's life as possible. It would be better so.

The wedding was at two in the afternoon in a fairly fashionable church, but to Ma Perry it was the finest place of worship into which she had ever passed. The sun fell softly on the wooden pews and faded carpets; it gleamed on the white lillies around the altar and organ. Gently, tenderly, the organist began to play the wedding march. Janie came up the aisle, looking neither right nor left, but straight ahead. She looked enchantingly lovely standing there beside Dr. Jim. Her hair curled demurely around the edges of her bridal veil; her skirt flowed to the ground in graceful lines; the white rose on her bosom rose and fell with the gentleness of her breathing.

After the wedding, Janie was taken in a new car to Dr. Jim's house, situated in a fashionable part of town—she had said good-bye forever to the be-draggled street on which she had been reared. Jim and she were not going on their honeymoon yet—maybe in a couple of months. Jim had a funny new experiment and he just had to stay and see it through.

Two months later Janie was lying on the warm sands of Carry Beach. Jim had brought her here for their honeymoon and had rented a tiny cottage overlooking the quiet little lake. How different all this was from her former life. She had not seen her mother since she was married, hadn't bothered to find out if she were well or in need. As she lay there she thought of her life before her marriage.

Her father had died when she was tiny. All she remembered of him was his deep gentle voice, his tenderness towards her mother, his doggedness to find work after a war which had left him all but useless, till finally in a long cold spell he was stricken with pneumonia. Janie remembered but slightly the tiny funeral procession consisting of three cars. All she remembered clearly was her mother's tears and her own lonely frightened heart. Things went from bad to worse after that; her mother moved to the tiny house on the other side of the tracks. Truly she had found work, but it was scrubbing floors in downtown offices and they didn't pay much in those days. Janie recalled how her mother had scraped to send her not only to public school but to high school afterwards. She certainly was a lucky girl, for no other child in the neighbourhood had had that opportunity. Then she had met Jim. It happened one night while she was at a tiny supper house in a better part of the city—two blocks from the hospital. She had a job there as hostess. She didn't enjoy it nor did it pay her well, but it was something. All that evening they had danced and talked because he was lonely, she eager to listen. Here was somebody from that other world, her world, her parent's world. He told her of his work, his studies and how he enjoyed her company. At that she blushed, confused in the sudden overwhelming joy and reawakened interest in life. Would she meet him again the next Friday at the same place? Yes, she would be there. Four months passed; then came the night when she met him on the street and he had proposed going to her place and meeting her mother instead of eating at the club. She was terrified to think what he would say when he saw where she lived, but he insisted they go. He did not seem to notice the narrow filthy streets and ugly houses. He entertained them royally with his cheerful banter mingled with common sense and educated talk. Janie knew Ma Perry took to the young man and he to her mother. She was glad for them and a shy hope sprang in her heart for herself. Maybe—Then it all came at once. They were walking through the park along the side of the river.

"I'm leaving for Montreal to-morrow, Janie, only for a few weeks."

At her sudden start and paleness it suddenly came to him that she was going to miss him more than he had realized.

"I shall miss you," she stumbled over the words, "How long, really?"

"Oh, about seven weeks, it's a new course . . . Janie, . . . I . . . Look, Janie, if we were married . . . I mean . . . well, we wouldn't have to be separated."

Thus it was settled, but Ma Perry persuaded them to wait, to see if he were successful.

"That's what I did, Janie. I got married before your father was on his feet. Then the war came and you. He never could get a hold on life after." They waited for over ten months. One thing, they were sure of each other. Only Ma Perry had misgivings and these she locked in her heart.

Now they were married and she was lying here in this glorious sunshine revelling in her new life.

That night when Jim came home she asked him if, when they got back home, they couldn't go and see her mother right away.

"What's the matter? Tired of me?" he asked. Jim had never spoken to her like this before. This was a new side of him. Timidly she pointed out that they hadn't even written to her mother—"she'd like us to, you know."

"Well, write then. Good heavens! I bring you out of that mess and before I know it you want to go back. I should have known it. They told me."

"Who told you what, Jim?"

"All of them, the people I've known for years, they said it would be this. I couldn't see it, but they knew you'd love to go back. It's in your blood. You're a little slum orphan and you always will be."

"Jim, that's not true. My mother and father were both from good families. It . . . it was, well, hard times, and . . ."

She went no further, Jim had slammed out of the house, leaving her trembling, afraid and bewildered.

Late that night she heard him come in and go to his room. He did not come in as usual to say good-night. She was hurt and a little angry. Next morning things were no better. Jim didn't speak all through breakfast and she was too afraid to say anything herself. That afternoon a new Jim came to her.

"We're going home, Janie," he said softly, "we're going back to the city."

Janie's spirits soared and suddenly the sun was shining. Immediately she forgave, though she could not forget, all of Jim's nasty reproaches.

They drove all afternoon, Jim silent, Janie excited and breathless. Towards evening they stopped at an inn to have supper, at midnight they reached the city. Things ran smoothly then for a week.

On Monday Jane walked to her mother's, they embraced, both silent, overcome. Janie was only beginning to realize what her mother really meant to her.

She told Jim about her visit at bedtime. She was in bed and Jim was just cleaning his shoes for the following day. He dropped the brush and shoes in a heap and coming over to the bed, he looked down at his wife.

"Listen, I told you I didn't want you going there. You know it. Now look here, you're not to go again. Understand?"

"But Jim . . ."

"You're not going back and that's that. You're my wife and you're doing as I say. If I catch you again, I . . . I . . . I've told you."

Was this then to be the end of her beautiful new friendship with her mother? She thought of the intimacy between herself and her mother that day. She wrote a note next morning and gave it to a little boy standing on the sidewalk. That afternoon she took a street car and met her mother in the park—here Jim had asked her to marry him. Without any preliminaries whatsoever, she told her mother about the quarrels—"I told you most of it in the note. What shall I do?"

In the next few moments, Ma Perry made the greatest sacrifice of her life.

"You just do as Dr. Jim wants. It won't be so bad after a while. You'll be having parties and new friends. I've got my work and at night I'm most always ready for bed right after supper. Anyway we'll see each other sometimes in the stores. I'll be going now." As she stood up something fell to the ground, a book. Janie did not notice it till her mother was lost to view. She did not notice that her mother slipped quietly back behind a newsstand. All she saw was an open page on which a sentence was written which burned itself on her heart and made her promise to Jim easy to keep, and hard to break.

It was a page of a diary. She didn't know her mother kept one. She

didn't know her mother had purposely dropped it. She thought it was an accident. Dazed, she read the words again.

"Now Janie is married a great load has gone. To think I shall have no more expenses, no more tales of woe to listen to. The house will be always quiet; that means rest for me! Poor Janie didn't realize why I gave her a good education. Now she is gone, I shall be free again . . . to do as I like, no obligations, no cares."

Gradually her sorrow gave place to anger. So this was her mother. Stormily she went home and told Jim she would do as he said. He did not hear the bitterness in her words; he only knew she was not like those other slum people at all. She was going to be a lady.

Wearily that night Ma Perry walked to Marlborough Street. There was where Janie lived. There was Jim's name in gold and black letters over the doorway. It was just dusk; the street lights were not yet on. The trees were pale green in the soft light, the flowers in Janie's garden gave off a sweet tantalizing perfume. Oh, to live here again, not just look. Now she would no longer see Janie. Had she done the right thing in writing the diary? She knew Janie would never forgive her.

A gentle rain began to fall. Ma Perry heeded it not. She looked around at the stylish houses with their stained glass windows, their ornamental roofs, their trim lawns, flowering bushes and bright lights within. She longed to ride in such a car as was standing by the curb. She glimpsed a table set with fine silver, dainty dishes and rare foods. Her feet trod the smooth sidewalk with a heavy step, she thought of the mud and cracks associated with the walk in front of her door. Here the houses were set well back, far apart. Here the cool night breeze would make the evening enjoyable, not stifling with heat and flies. She kept on walking unaware of the thickening traffic and busy corners. She was alone in all the seething crowd. She was tired. Not conscious of what she was doing, she stepped from the curb into the path of a long shining car. Too late she saw its approach. The next moment she lay, a crumpled heap, in the middle of the road. She was taken to the morgue where they found no identification. Ma Perry was only one other of "those people." "Suicide," one said. "Another grave for the pauper cemetery—flourishing well these days," "Wonder where she came from, she looks different from some that you see." "What's it matter to you? You didn't know her. I guess nobody else will either." "No use advertising her. Just bury her. That costs enough as it is."

Sometimes Janie wished for a glimpse of her mother. She looked furtively around any store which she entered, but she never saw her mother. It was just as well perhaps, although the anger had somewhat gone. The only emotion she felt now towards her mother was indifference. Perhaps it was best so. She and Jim were happy now. There were no quarrels and she had a lovely home, always heated, always bright and cosy. There were no more cold walks in the early morn, no longer would she eat bread and jam and porridge and potatoes day after day. Now she had a cook who could make wonderful, different dishes. Life was so good to her!

"I do feel a little sorry for Ma, living in that hole, but she seems to like it all right. Maybe some day soon she will be out of it. I wonder . . ."

An ex-Naval gunner's mate dozed off in front of the kitchen stove and let his evening paper fall against the red-hot bars.

"Fire!" exclaimed his startled wife, running into the room as the paper blazed up.

Waking up with a start, the gunner rammed the cat into the oven, slammed the door, and roared, "Ready, sir."

ONE GLORIOUS HOUR

By June Whan, GRADE XIII

THE SUN shone forth clear and bright upon the little white cottage nestled among the maple trees at the turn to Lynechdoche. In the kitchen Miss Susan Smiley hummed gaily as she prepared to place in the oven a second batch of ginger cookies. And why should Miss Susan not be gay? Was she not chosen "Queen of the Kitchen" at the local county fair the day before, and had she not received word that very day that her two-day-old niece was to be her namesake? And so this worthy lady did not object even when Dobson, her pedigreed Persian cat, snuggled down in the best armchair.

But now manly footsteps were heard approaching as down the walk came none other than Samuel O. Lawrence, the town's most eminent lawyer and bachelor—probably coming to return the umbrella he had borrowed four years before. Miss Smiley hastily wiped her sticky hands on her apron and admitted to her spacious living-room the said Mr. Lawrence, who immediately settled himself on the horsehair sofa. The lady of the house was by this time thoroughly curious about the purpose of his errand which, indeed was a twofold one; first, to reveal to Miss Susan the fact that she was to receive from her father's estate a considerable sum of money and then to suggest that she, soon to be wealthy as well as a good cook, should abandon her lonely life and become Mrs. Samuel O. Lawrence. Lest Miss Susan's decision should be influenced by her newly-acquired wealth, the lawyer thought best to reverse the order and make the proposal first.

After passing several irrelevant remarks concerning the weather, Samuel cleared his throat vigorously and began his proposal.

Now Miss Susan had never in her whole life received a marriage offer and at her age, (she was fifty-one in May) she did not expect one. To be sure, Mr. Lawrence had on one or two occasions accompanied her home from a Box-social but for protection only. The sudden proposal of marriage, then, was almost overwhelming and all she could do was to blush furiously behind her hand and stammer something about "a week or so to decide."

Elated by at least partial success, the lawyer plunged into the second news item.

"Miss Smiley . . . I mean, Susan, . . . it is my very pleasant duty as junior partner in the firm of Lawrence and Lawrence to announce that you have been left a small fortune from the estate of your father."

Miss Susan was fairly overcome; she gasped, clutched wildly at the nearest chair, and finally sank breathless into a nearby rocker. It was too much! And then the wonder of it all struck her. It was a glorious hour for her, so glorious indeed, that she invited Samuel to stay for tea which he graciously consented to do.

Of course there were several minor items to be settled—there always are—but in just a few months the spinster was to come into her own. In order that there should be no doubt whatever about the matter, the lawyer drew from his vest pocket several important looking documents and proceeded to read aloud to Susan.

. . . "from the estate of Elkanah R. Smiley to his eldest daughter . . ."

But Miss Susan heard no more. It was her elder sister, then, who was to receive the money—her sister who had left home at the age of nineteen and had lived in poverty ever since—and Susan was glad, so glad.

The lawyer, however, on learning of his error, decided rather suddenly that he had a pressing business engagement and departed in great haste, ex-

plaining that the whole affair, including the proposal, was just an unavoidable mistake.

In the living-room Miss Susan sat down for a moment to catch her breath and as she did so, her eyes fell on the page of a book she had been reading. Far down the page, near the bottom, she noticed the words:

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

She thought for some minutes. Finally Miss Susan smiled strangely, bent down and patted Dobson gently, and then went slowly back to the kitchen to finish her ginger cookies. She had had her glorious hour and its memory would never leave her.

UPPER SCHOOL



Seated (left to right)—Joy Guinn, Elsie van Berkum, Julia Dilts, Margaret Tuck, June Whan, Gwendolyn Mitchell, Marion Mitchell, Victoria Ned.

Standing—Eva Secord, Donald Metler, Edgar Ker, William Colcock, John Wiley, Gordon Beamer, Margaret Strawn.

Absent—Paul Tokar, Paul Bender, Marion Johnson.

P. C. S. GOES TO PARLIAMENT !!

By Glenna Julian, GRADE XIII

I TURNED on the alarm, turned out the light and hit the proverbial hay. And then, before I was properly asleep, or so it seemed, I was getting up, racing for clothes, looking at the clock, and searching with one sleepy, exploratory toe beneath the bed for one elusive pair of number eights. Then I was eating breakfast, swallowing a weak cup of toast and munching a hard piece of coffee—No! No! That's wrong! Oh well, what's the difference? I was in a terrific hurry, and after a mad scramble I reached the school just as two sleek yellow buses pulled up, the pride and joy of a well known local bus company.

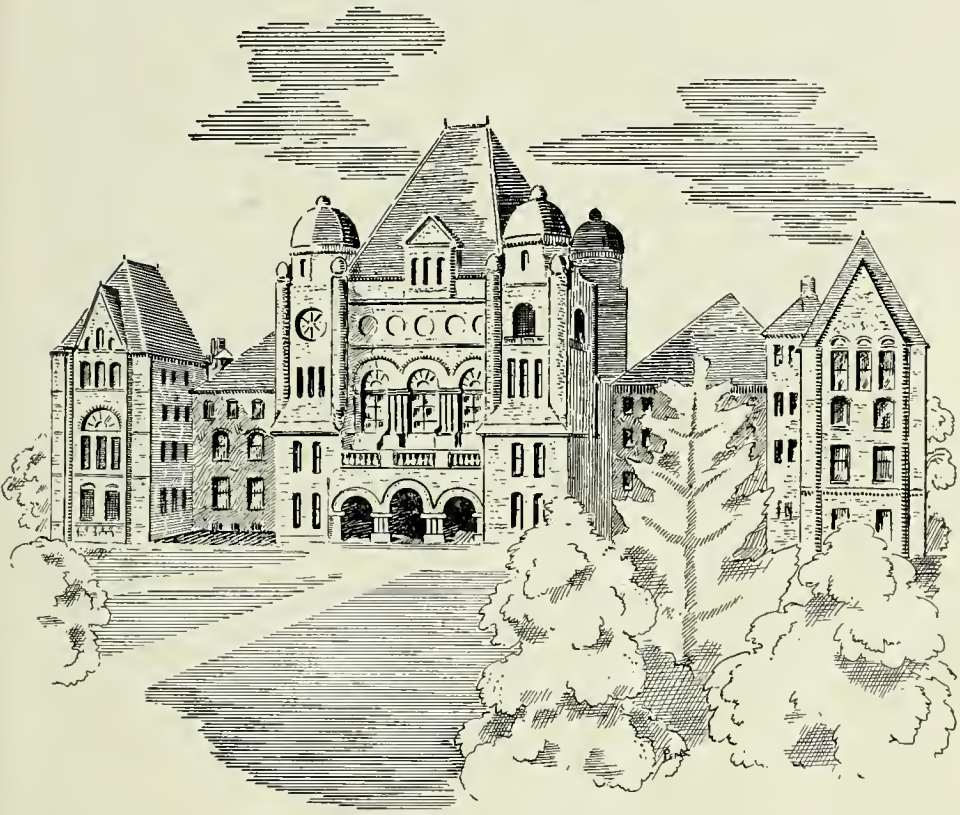
And now, you're going to say, what is the meaning of all this bedlam, this sudden burst of early rising and hasty breakfasting? What are these streamlined yellow monsters doing in front of our quiet old P. C. S. at 8:30 in the morning? Well, the truth of the matter is that we were going to Toronto, two busloads of us.

In the school gym everyone was strutting about in his best suit or pulling her hat down a little more over one eye. The girls were surveying their make-up in small handbag mirrors and the boys had that scrubbed, pink and white look behind the ears which you notice only on occasions of state, such as their first date.

Then we were all scrambling aboard, rushing to find a seat, and after a few shouts of "Hey, scram! I want to sit there," we, in the first bus, were off, with Mr. Crossley, our principal, placed neatly up in front beside the bus driver. Right behind us was the second bus under the able supervision of our Miss De la Mater.

Someone said in my ear, "Take a look at the bus driver," which I did, and then I took another one. He didn't exactly look like Tyrone Power, nor quite like Errol Flynn,—no, but I was impressed. Then the girl in the red hat and freckles across the aisle said: "I think 'South of the Border' is just too . . . too . . . well, just root!" So we all sang 'South of the Border' and 'Scatterbrain' and 'The Little Red Fox' and the school song, and had a very melodious trip as far as Stoney Creek where a halt was called for limbering up. Just as we were about to go on the boy in the plaid scarf who had missed the bus drove up, and we took him aboard and away we went. The girl next to me made the startling statement that the driver's name was Jim, so we sang a serenade to Jim and then, 'Lo and Behold!' Across the backs of the seats in front of us we found some elastic bands. What their original use was I don't know, but we quickly removed them and using the wrappings of chocolate bars as ammunition we sent such a volley of shots up to the front of that bus as would make even Hitler die of envy. This, you may imagine, occupied most of our time until we got to Toronto and stopped for a lunch which we had carried with us. While we were eating this at Moore's Restaurant I looked around to see what dignitaries were honouring us with their presence, and right away I spied our editor, deeply engrossed in a little blonde number. Across the room I saw the president of our Literary Society, and our athletic presidents. Yes, it was a noteworthy aggregation.

Having satisfied our appetites, temporarily at least, we all piled into the buses again and drove down to the main store of the T. Eaton Co., where we spent half an hour going through the toy department and riding the escalators. At 12:15, after collecting a few lost souls who had wandered too far afield, we drove on to the City Dairy and gave them all a pleasant (?) surprise. We were taken through the ice cream plant and shown all the intricacies of that process although the workers were having lunch at the moment. Then we



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

watched them turn a can of milk, straight from ye old farm, into that beverage which you find on your doorstep each morning. But time was fleeting and we hurried on our way, this time to the Star Building. I'm sure we walked up and down several miles of steps in that building, but we were rewarded for every one we took. We waited around awhile and saw the Daily go through the presses until the noise got the better of us and we wandered out and on to the Parliament Buildings.

A guide ushered us about, showing us all the points of interest. We went into the legislature where he declared that a Mr. Zwierschke of Grade IX should be our Speaker. We were escorted out once more, and, after a hurried consultation, we all got seats in the Visitors' Gallery to watch the opening exercises of parliament. We were all a little surprised at the way a debate in parliament is carried on. The member who was speaking seemed to be the only one who was interested in what the member who was speaking was saying (which all sounds slightly complicated). The other members were wandering about (half of them weren't even there). Some of them were reading their newspapers, some were glancing over the current copy of "Hunting and Fishing" which page boys had placed on each desk. These same page boys were busy passing ice water to work-weary members and the sight of those floating ice cubes suddenly made me very thirsty for ice. Apparently it had a similar effect on the rest of the gang for the whisper went around that we were due for an appointment with a mummy. So we slipped noiselessly away, back through the parliament buildings and out onto the street where we satisfied our lust for ice by sliding on a piece we found on the sidewalk.

"To the museum!" was the command, and to the museum we went, landing in the Indian department around the totem pole. A couple of little boys were gazing longingly at a tomahawk, so we were all hustled off to view Egyptian pottery. From here it was only natural to wander into the Egyptian inner sanctum, the mummy room. I, for one, suddenly felt very queer, and, after casting one chattering eye into a dark corner, I beat a hasty retreat and went to see some little red fishes, and a lot of other fishes too, marching across a wall. Of course they were stuffed, but they all looked very happy and I began to feel better. Then—Oh, but we mustn't forget the dinosaur! Poor fellow! He looked as though he might have seen better days and no doubt he had.

We saw so many things in the museum—the guns and spears, the coats of mail, the dresses and shoes, the Chinese room—but it was getting late, so we drove back to Moore's for supper (or should I say dinner?). After what seemed to me to be a half hour wait we had a very good meal and I had an argument with a waitress. With half a dish of ice cream still cooling my tonsils I made the bus and relaxed. We were homeward bound and as the bright lights faded away everyone reached for those elastic bands and a new round of ammunition. This held out until we got back to Stoney Creek where a kind-hearted waitress gave us a fresh supply. On the last lap of our trip someone yelled "Turn out the lights," but nothing happened, so we threw more paper. Our editor was still talking to the little blonde, the boy with the green polka dot tie was taking off his shoe, Mr. Crossley looked very happy because we hadn't left anyone in Toronto. Then we were coming down the home stretch and the bus was passing a car, honking madly. No, it wasn't the bus that was honking—or was it? Or was it honking at all? Why it . . . it was ringing. Suddenly I gave a snort, rolled over, and opened one eye. Wait a minute! Say, I must have been dreaming! It's only morning. We haven't gone yet. I've dreamed the whole thing. An idea struck me. Wouldn't it be funny if that's what actually did happen? And strange as it may seem, it was.

A GLORIOUS ADVENTURE

By Edgar Ker, GRADE XIII

TWENTY years come this June since Ace had made history in that maddening, glorious sixty minutes of real living.

Aurora had rolled back the gates of dawn and had started Apollo on his trip across the heavens and Ace on his history-making trip across the enemy line, which was to prove to Ace's satisfaction that one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name.

Strange premonitions had awakened Ace while heavy darkness clung to the earth and not until almost dawn were his intuitions realized. The Squadron leader opened the flap of Ace's tent, poked his head in and shouted in a hushed sort of way.

"Ace! Ace Cross! You're wanted at headquarters!"

The outcome was that he, he alone from a hundred expert air-men, had been detailed for special work—an hour's work that would bring him glory or death or even both. Nor was Ace found wanting—in him burned the joy of adventure—that insatiable something that wanted to do things solely for the sake of doing them.

Two cups of coffee, a cigarette, and he was off into the graying darkness with a sturdy ship, six bombs, and the boundless confidence of youth. His objective was a munition factory. His job was to bomb it. Fifteen minutes



MIDDLE SCHOOL

Seated (left to right)—Myrtle Walker, Helen Walton, Jean Holder, Delora Johnson, Cherefa Abdallah, Elsie Smith, Marjorie Page.

First Row Standing—Ray Colver, Geraldine Rogers, Eleanor McGlashan, Margaret Leppert, Marjorie Morris, Mabel Fletcher, Harold Hodgkins.

Second Row Standing—Douglas Lymburner, John Savigny, William Alsop, Harold Kinsman, Joseph Filip, Lloyd King.

of flying took him into territory as poisonous and dangerous as a rattlesnake's nest and from which darted death-dealing bullets. Ace pressed on, for ahead lay his objective scarcely visible in such imperfect light. He headed the plane down in a dive which threatened to fold the wings and tear off the braces.

Anti-aircraft guns, searchlights, machine guns, cannons—like some inhuman monster down and down he swept to bomb that factory off of the earth. He dropped his cargo of bombs, banked, started for home and safety, followed by a squadron of planes. As he neared home, friendly planes took off to drive back the pursuers. Ace landed—emerged from the cockpit—took one step and fell.

Breathing his last, he was heard to murmur, "So long boys, it was worth it!"

The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks.

Guerilla warfare means that they're up to monkey tricks.

Mr. Laing: "I don't think you have studied your geography to-day, Ray."
Ray Caven: "No, sir, Dad says the world is changing every day, so I did not think it was worth the trouble."

HAPPENINGS IN THE NIGHT

By Elsie Smith, GRADE XII

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Webster left after having put the children to bed, I settled down for an enjoyable evening of listening to the radio and of reading. While I was thus absorbed—one ear cocked for noises upstairs—I heard a strange scraping, then a tapping sound—or at least so I thought. Turning down the radio, I sat still for about three minutes, the strangeness of the house and the dark settling in around me. I shivered, and deciding it was my imagination, turned up the radio. Having delved into my book again, I was lost to my surroundings when suddenly a terrific crash resounded and broken glass tinkled.

"That," I exclaimed, "is the last straw!"

It sounded as though it came from the cellar. I stood looking at the cellar door, undecided and shaking at the knees. A cellar at its best isn't inviting—a strange cellar in the dark is terrifying. Flinging the door open suddenly, I called out in a quavering voice: "Who—who's d-down t-th-there?"

No answer! Gaining a trifle more courage, I descended about three steps when something started making a funny screeching noise. I flew back up the stairs and sat down on the nearest chair,—shaking and in a cold sweat. Whatever it was could just stay down there!

After awhile my curiosity got the better of me. Switching on all the cellar lights and taking a flash-light in my hand, I crept down—step by step. Treading lightly, I stealthily poked my flash-light into all the nooks and crannies. Then, to my horror—something in the far corner moved. It came towards me slowly and relentlessly. It was a walking cardboard box! I was rivetted to the floor. Suddenly it stopped moving forwards, and went around in circles until I became fairly dizzy watching it. Then it stopped, and a yipping whine issued from its depths. I lifted the box and there sat Tod, the pup, looking woebegone but relieved!

UPPER SCHOOL FROLICS OF 1945

By Marion Mitchell, GRADE XIII

EXACTLY one month ago to-day the telephone rang on a drowsy afternoon in late August and a low voice asked if I would like to attend the reunion of P. C. S. Upper School Class of the year '40. His name Gordon Beamer, place, his home, 1823 East York Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, and date, Sept. 28. This was Sept. 28, 1945, and I, comfortably seated in a train watching field after field dizzily swoop by. Suddenly I became a gypsy, seated before a crystal and one by one the fortunes of fellow students were revealed.

Turning my crystal ball a swanky New York Costume Shoppe took form and a saleslady saying, "This little model is simply superb, just what you were thinking of, an iceberg blue satin gown and ermine wrap; a design straight from Paris." The petite girl turned this way and that. Even with her hair now quite long, no one could mistake her to be any other than Marion Johnson; and now with a few light floating steps she had disappeared.

Another turn of the ball and the curtain in a San Francisco theatre rose once again for the actors and actresses to answer its call. The play was a tremendous success. The leading man came forward to take his final bow amidst shouts and thundering applause. The spotlight followed him to the front of

the stage and the director introduced him with the words: "Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you Mr. Paul Bender."

With a slight flickering of the crystal I was carried away to a newspaper office and before my eyes I read the column headed:

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Dear Miss Heartbroken:—

You say your boyfriend has left you for another. Try to forget. Turn your thoughts to work. Yours very faithfully,

Elsie Van.

Dear Bob:

By all means ask her to marry you. If she loves you as much as you say I'm sure she will accept. Yours very faithfully,

Elsie Van.

I was then taken to a pretty beauty salon and an equally pretty young miss was saying, "Now, madam, would you like a curl swirled on top of your head with the hair high at the back or a softer effect with several smaller curls around the face." These words were spoken by Miss Julia Dilts as she brushed and combed and patted and puffed each curl into place. The lady to whom she was speaking was none other than Mrs. John Middleton, formerly Miss Margaret Strawn, wife of the richest man in town and a prominent socialite.

The next picture revealed to me was one of great solemnity. The beams of glorious sunlight shone through the crystal windows of a great cathedral. The audience seemed scarcely to breathe as they listened to the concluding words of their pastor. The closing hymn was announced and the final anthem filled the church. The members slowly filed past their minister, the Rev. W. E. Colcock, and each in turn received a few comforting words.

A cosy little tea room with tiny tables and dotted Swiss curtains was indeed an inviting picture. The crystal confessed the secret that it was owned and operated by Miss June Whan.

The following scene was however, not quite so happy, for a voice was pitifully moaning, "Oh nurse, nurse, get the doctor! Quick! Oh my head!"

"Now, sir, you will be all right, just take this medicine." These words were spoken by none other than Miss Victoria Ned, who, clad in a white uniform, held the hand and stroked the fevered brow of many a patient.

A scene of great speed and excitement followed this and a familiar voice saying, "Yes sir, we will be glad to take a contract for a million dollars worth of your latest tires." The man speaking was Mr. Donald Metler, head manager of the firm Metler and Company, Limited, manufacturers of the famous wonder Puncture Proof Tires.

Once again I saw a great stage before me and a thrilling soprano voice singing Hendeilsteinie Mesintalto in Bb. Amidst shouts of joy and great applauding Miss Eva Secord was showered with flowers for the greatest performance she had ever given.

A flickering and then, "Now ladies and gentleman, you are about to see the greatest act ever to be performed, John Wiley, known to everyone as 'Johnny the Mighty,' is going to rope the most dangerous bull in all Texas and he is going to do it with one hand tied. He's getting ready and there he goes!!! We sure wish him lots of luck."

This scene is one of great learning so we are carried away to a school room. Teacher is saying: "Children, we are going to learn a pretty new poem, now all listen carefully while I repeat it. Yes, Johnny, what is the matter?"

"Please, Miss Guinn, I know a poem too."

A faint sigh seemed to tell us that Joy was quite at a loss as to what to do with problem children.

Music came faintly to my ears and, "Si Seniorita, Si," melodiously filled the silent night air as Paul Tokar, strummed his guitar and sang to the fair lady silhouetted in the moonlight.

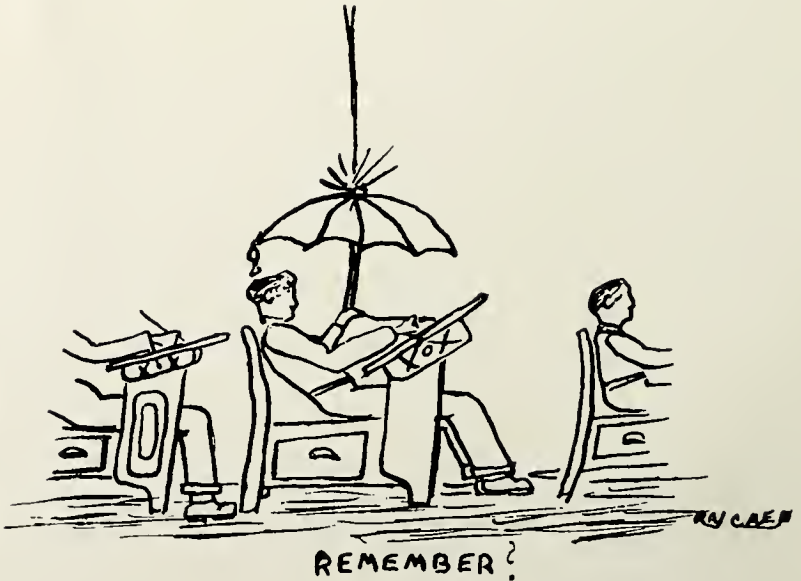
Room 3B of the National Broadcasting Company sounded the signal for the commencing of the program for Tiny Tots. With a familiar voice and an also familiar nursery rhyme, 'Old Mother Hubbard,' the children were called to fifteen minutes of entertainment. The songstress was Miss Gwen Mitchell and the program sponsored by Welcome Breakfast Food.

A room entirely different from the former was of pure white. "Your diet, Mrs. Ceterlsburg, will consist of one glass of milk, 250 calories; one slice of rye bread, 150 calories; and some plain fruit." This expert advice was given by Miss Margaret Tuck, head dietician of the West Street Hospital.

A spacious newspaper office, in fact the head office of the World Times, edited by Gordon Beamer, was indeed an entirely different place. Glancing through the columns my eyes rested on one in particular, the one headed Engagements, and I read: "Mr. and Mrs. William Julian wish to announce the engagement of their only daughter, Glenna, to Sir Cedric Alexander Rinehart. The wedding will take place at the Rinehart castle in Scotland in late June."

With a few dots, dashes and the customary time signal, Mr. Edgar Ker, announced, "The time is now exactly 11:30 p.m., courtesy of Wincox Watch Time. Your station, CWXZ, and now we are signing off for our daily broadcast is completed."

I woke up with a start and discovered I was still seated in the very same seat, in the very same train, the only exception being the porter shouting: "Next stop, Ottawa! Next stop, Ottawa!" I had arrived.



LITTLE WILLIE BEFORE COMPANY

By Betty Daw, GRADE XI

MOTHER had been worked up all day and everyone wondered why. "Why?" she would say when we asked. "Why. I'll tell you why. We are having the new minister and his wife for dinner to-night."

"Well, that's nothing to worry about. They are friendly, common people."

"But girls, you know little Willie. I've entertained other guests but I've never attempted a minister simply because of Willie. He always shows off so and it makes me so ashamed!"

Just then the doorbell rang.

"Oh, here they are," she cried, "and Willie hasn't come from school so that I could clean him up. Oh dear!"

The young minister and his wife, both very young, were ushered into the living room. And, by the way, this room was only used on special occasions. Mother had calmly ordered us to start dinner and sat down to chat with the charming couple before her.

"Ma, Ma," was heard from the hall, "Where are you, Ma?"

"Here I am, dear, in the living room." Little Willie then came noisily into the living room. He flung his books carelessly on the table, upsetting a beautiful bouquet of artificial flowers. His hair was uncombed, his face was dirty, his pants torn—in short, he was a typical Canadian child.

"Willie," mother gasped, "where have you been?"

"No place," was the usual answer. Mother, then going up to him and gathering her wits about her, made excuses for her wee son and dragged him out of the room. In a few minutes voices could be heard from the bathroom.

"I don't want my ears washed, I don't want to take a bath, I don't want to put on clean clothes. I never did before when company came and now . . . now . . . just because the old min . . . !"

The end of that word was cut off short by something or another. Perhaps Mother's hand happened to come in contact with Willie's mouth at that particular point. At any rate we heard no more of him until dinner.

In half an hour poor little Willie was ushered carefully into the living room and into a big waiting chair that seemed to be waiting with open jaws to devour him. No doubt he wished it would because, though mother did not speak, she sent warning glances his way and, like a good little boy, he he did not move.

TEMPERAMENTAL SUSIE

By Doris Daboll, GRADE XI

AMBLING up the flag-stone walk came Susie. After the book which she had thrown came to rest in the corner of the sun porch, she thrust her hands into the patch-pockets of her slacks, tossed her head and slumped down into a huge wicker chair. She tucked her feet under her and looked at the ceiling.

Mrs. Mannerling came to the door of the porch, smiled down at her fifteen year old daughter and asked, "Was the book interesting, Susan dear?"

"I didn't like it a bit," answered Susie, "and please don't call me Susan, Mother, and oh, Mother, I wish you wouldn't wear that dress."

"Well, you are certainly in a queer mood," said her mother, laughing softly.

Susie didn't laugh; she entered the hall and slowly climbed the stairs. Inside her room she sat down before her dressing-table. She decided she was far from pretty, her skin was too white, her hair too washed-out, her eyes too green.

Her father called to her, "Phone call for you, Susie." She made a face at herself in the mirror, got up and went down to the hall to answer the telephone. She answered the telephone with a casual "Hello." "A movie!" "Of course I'll go Peg . . . Tyrone Power. Oh swell! I'll see you later. Bye."

"Mother," she cried, "I'm going to the show with Peg . . . is that all right?" O.K., well, I'll have to rush.

She ran upstairs, taking two steps at a time. On her way out she kissed her mother, swiftly ran down the walk. Her mother thought she looked much like a fairy as she skipped along.

She met Peg at the corner and they proceeded to the show. The picture was lengthy, but she arrived home quite early. The movie was a complete disappointment—the ending wasn't right.

Susie entered the sun porch, sat down on the couch, picked up the book from the corner, turned on the lamp, and read two chapters. She turned to her mother. "This is a grand book, Mother, and oh, Mother, I wish you would call me Susan; it sounds much more refined. You know, that dress looks lovely on you, Mother." Her mother laughed heartily Susie said, "Good-night," and once again ascended the familiar stairs. She sat down on the bed and thought, "I wonder what made Mother laugh?" She decided it must have been worth laughing at, and she laughed too.



THE JACK PINE—Tom Thomson
—Courtesy National Gallery of Canada, Ottawa

GRADE X



Seated (left to right)—Jean Daboll, Mary McCombs, Barbara Armbrust, Nancy Armbrust, Eleanor Morris, Margaret Traver, Donna Lampman, Phyllis Law, June Watts, Jean Heaslip, Marjorie Haist.

Standing (First row)—Douglas Cameron, Robbert van Berkum, Donald Alsop, Marjorie Holder, Betty Aldrey, Agnes Kelly, Gerald Freure, Stanley Reilly, John Swartz.

Third Row—Frank Biro, Tommy Smith, Kenneth Hampton, Raymond Caven, Garnet Eller, George Iftody, Gordon Elliott, Cecil Haist, Donald Bowman.

PITY AND THE LIFE-SAVER

By Barbara Armbrust, GRADE X

REGINALD ORGEN—LIFE GUARD

THE SMALL placard bearing his name was hung predominately from the highest nail above the cabin door. This small, waving placard impressed the passerby, who if at all familiar to the beach section, knew that Reg was also a life saver.

When little Betty Anne Linne took a sudden attack of cramps, it was Reg who worked over her two hours and got her small heart beating like any girl's should when Reg was around. The rescue hadn't been hard, merely pulling a tiny, twisted body from the maple bushes to the shore, but, two hours of artificial respiration—and work for another two, exhausting hours, that tested a man's will-power.

To any other person, it might be two hours of watching the waves with a contented feeling snuggled deep in your heart. But not to Reg.

To Reg, this rescue—well, anyone could have done it, but why he? It was just something else he was doing that somebody else might find pleasure in; something that he couldn't find pleasure in, something that took him far-

ther away from his law studies. Why was the world like this? Why did he receive a beautiful sun-tan each summer to be made fun of in his law study? No sun-tan could ever be becoming to a lawyer—at least Reggie thought so.

Reginald Orgen, Life Guard, meant he was just a nobody, not able to take a full-year law course because he had to take a four-month job. This job gave him what he ate the whole year, but to Reggie it meant watching over those people who could afford to spend their leisurely days lolling at the sea-shore. And he noticed the nearest thing to a lawyer, that is a successful lawyer, were the clubhouse janitor's whiskers which at times formed a clean-clipped moustache above the upper lip, and which on occasions looked a full face moustache, not that any lawyers had them.

And so his thoughts wandered as he charged with glaring eyes the friendly smiles of passers-by. He was atop a life-guard station and over the waves came a screaming, hysterical voice.

With one leap he was in the water! If only these, timid, petite, dieting girls with modern curls and curves would know even the tiniest bit about swimming, it would save him a great deal of remorse and suddenly—but he must get to the girl.

What intuition or feminine thought could have possibly made a woman churn the water, beat the waves and endanger both the lives of her and of her most wonderful rescuer, Reginald Orgen, Life Guard!

With what seemed like his last ounce of energy, Reggie drew the now exhausted body up on the beach. Without a moment's hesitation he began preparations for artificial respiration.

A look of familiarity came to him as he saw the strained nerves of the beautiful face before him. Unmindful of those round him he suddenly thought again that thought he had on his plunge into the water. He was—got to keep steady—"O.K., just keep away and let fresh air get in"—and back to his thoughts. He was selfish! He had more self-pity for himself, after all; he had come from a newsboy to life-guard in five long, hard but happy years.

The moaning of the girl brought him back to thoughts around him. "But there's something awfully familiar about her. Does any one here know her?"

"Why, don't you know? She's Kathy Orgen, a girl from the States working here at a summer cottage."

"Kathy . . . Kathy Orgen, my sister." The circus of thoughts whirling around in Reg's head . . . he'd found his sister. He had a family . . . he was not alone . . . he'd saved her.

Thinking it all over as he slept in his new bed in Kathy's flat, Reggie said aloud, "Nothing but being a life-guard could have brought her to me. No lawyer, not anything, not anyone, just a life-guard on the seashore. Who wants to be a lawyer all his life without being able to swim?"

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

By Jean Daboll, GRADE X

NEW YEAR resolutions are something almost everyone has made and almost no one has kept.

I remember a neighbour of mine called George, who was badly in need of a change of ways, especially regarding his school work.

I suggested New Year Resolutions might help. He took pad and pencil and wrote enthusiastically:

I resolve:

1. To borrow no books.
2. To do no unnecessary talking during school hours.
3. To do my homework every night.
4. To miss school only for very good reasons.

He put the pad back into his pocket looking as pleased as though he'd put away all his trouble.

"There, that's that!" he said happily.

January 2nd came and with it time for George to keep his resolutions. They were in his pocket.

Latin was on the time-table for first period. He'd left his text book at home. He dashed into the next room and borrowed his chum's before nine o'clock.

Resolution one was broken!

It was ten o'clock when he noticed that the boy across from him was wearing a new sweater.

"Did Santa bring you that?" he whispered, indicating the sweater.

Resolution two was broken!

He had Geography, English and French homework that night. He did his Geography, started his English, and then he yawned and said, "Mother, call me early and I'll finish my homework in the morning."

When he was called the next morning, however, he turned over in bed and yawned twice.

"I think I'll sleep a little longer and forget about my homework," he murmured.

Resolution three was broken!

"Time to get up or you'll miss the bus, son," his mother called an hour later.

George sneezed.

"I believe I'm catching cold, I'll stay home to-day," he said, snuggling under the covers. When he arose at eleven, he felt fine. In fact he never sneezed the rest of the day!

Resolution four was broken!

Some time later I asked, "How are the resolutions coming along?"

He scratched his head for a second and then, looking very wise, he replied: "Oh, yes! Those things don't seem to be a bit of good. I'm going to destroy them and make better ones next year."

THE GRAF SPEE

By Donald Alsop, GRADE X

THE GRAF SPEE was one of the three German pocket battleships. She was supposed to be injured by the raid on Heligoland which the R. A. F. staged earlier in the war. Besides the Graf Spee are the Deutschland and Admiral Scheer. They are called pocket battleships because they carry battleship guns but are not the size of a battleship. The Graf Spee had been raiding on Allied shipping but had not been heard of for over a week when she was steaming along and saw an Allied ship, accompanied by the convoy ship Exeter. The Graf Spee attacked, when suddenly out over the horizon came the two destroyers Ajax and Achilles. By the time the two destroyers came up the Exeter had been much damaged and was forced to withdraw from the fight but the Ajax and Achilles went right on. With their superior speed but inferior guns they chased the Graf Spee up the Argentinian coast and forced her to put into Montevideo harbour, much damaged by the running battle, which lasted fourteen hours.



THE END OF WINTER, James Henderson—*Courtesy of National Gallery, Ottawa.*

The whole world waited with tense hearts as to what would be the outcome when the Uruguayan government announced that the Graf Spee would have to leave Montevideo harbour by 6:30 p.m., Sunday, December 17, 1939, or be interned for the duration of the war. On Saturday, the sixty dead and thirty-two wounded were taken ashore. About 4:30 p.m., Sunday afternoon, the Graf Spee steamed slowly out of Montevideo harbour. Outside the harbour she was scuttled and set afire by her crew on orders issued by the madman of Europe, Adolf Hitler. The crew and officers were taken to Argentina where, on Tuesday, December 18th, the Commander of the Graf Spee ended his life by putting a bullet through his brain with a revolver.

Thus ended a German pocket battleship and her commander.

GRADE X

By Grade X

WELL, another year has passed and the brilliant Grade Nine of last year is now an even more brilliant Grade X! By the time we get to Fifth Form, we will be almost perfect—we hope.

This year we seem to have a more active part in sports, Literary, and other various activities.

To show this we may use as an example the sad defeat of Grade IX boys' hockey team of January 13th, when they played against Grade X boys' hockey team, which 'naturally' won.

We still have with us in our class the ever humorous Stanley; and when everything seems dull and dreary and we cannot get that Geometry question right, Stan thinks of something funny and everyone is in good humour again.

We all had quite a bit of fun when Stan had to go to the board and draw a parallelogram with just a set square and ruler, and a piece of chalk. The ruler slipped and the set-square wouldn't stay on the line and which side was the hypoteneuse of the set-square? Well, it was a difficult job to get it drawn but it finally came out all right.

As we turn our attention to the girls, we note Margaret Traver as the leading girls' athlete in Grade X. She plays on the Junior Basketball team and we are proud to have such a girl to represent Grade X in the athletic field.

Marjorie Haist is another girl who is also good in sports and she is a very good student in the Commercial class.

Jean Daboll, our youngest member, is just naturally smart, and one who is very good in Latin.

Everything humorous seems to happen to the boys and this time it was over chewing gum. It was during History period. The teacher stopped and said, "Douglas, bring your gum up and put it in the basket."

Now Douglas Haist sits right in front of Douglas Cameron. Consequently when both arose and started toward the basket to put their gum, or was it gums, into it, you can see why the class burst into a fit of laughter.

That is an example of killing two birds with one stone.

The boys' representative for Literary is Donald Alsop, who is worthy of his position, is popular amongst the boys and who is also responsible for the forming of the winning boys' hockey team.

The girls' representative for Literary is Mary McCombs, who is a very good orator, who tries to do her best in her school work, and who is trying to fulfill her position to the best of her ability.

These are just a few in Grade X and, as it is impossible to write about everyone here, we don't want you to have any doubts about it, that the rest of Grade X is equally as smart, and we make together an ambitious and happy class.

ANOTHER TOMORROW

By Margaret Traver, GRADE X

THE boy stood by the gate gazing unseeingly at the flowers and the stream that wandered slowly over the pebbles under the cool shady trees as though dreading the departure from their comforting coolness. The future and his to-morrow were before him. He was no longer a boy nor yet a man, but at that serious stage of life when he must choose between the right and wrong road of life. His dreams and ambitions lay before him so near and yet just out of reach. If he chose the hard road of struggle and failures, he would at length reach these ambitions but if he chose the other path, the path that was well-trodden and smooth, it could only lead to failure.

Behind him in the garden the men were placing the sod on the freshly made grave and on the hill just a little farther on was an older grave. The boy was alone! He must choose the right path for himself.

As he stood there the profound quiet was broken by the piercing whistle of a train travelling to some distant city. As he thought of this city he chose his path and began to plan eagerly. He would go to the city and there find work. He would take the rough, untrodden way to success. He had chosen; he had proven to himself that he was a man and must live the life of a man; leaving all childish things behind.

* * * * *

The girl, too, had reached womanhood but the change had been more gradual. Each day she became quieter, kinder and more gentle, but she too

had her dreams. Her childhood friend was married and happy with her child who was the girl's namesake. As the girl watched the sun sinking slowly behind the mountains she thought of this. She had had her dreams of being a mother and of her child being her friend's namesake.

This was the first of her dreams to be shattered, but through it she had shown to herself that she could find happiness in that of her friend. She was at last a woman.

As she stood there wrapped in her thoughts, she too was startled by the shriek of the train whistle and she decided to go to the city and work and then success. Then her dreams and ambitions would at last be within her reach.

* * * * *

Still they had their dreams, even though the first were shattered, they could plan anew. That is the glory of youth, the glory of another day to live and dream for! Another to-morrow!

A PECULIAR PET

By Gordon Elliot, GRADE X

ONE FINE Saturday morning in late spring my friend and I were walking in the woods back of our place. It was spring, a grand morning and we had stepped out to do some hunting with our rifles.

Suddenly, as we swung along the path, Jack stopped, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and a shot rang out on the morning air.

Life seemed to stop for a few seconds after the noise, and then continued; the birds and crickets stopped chirping and there was quietness as the echo died away. As in the motto, "*Après moi le deluge*," came the terrible smell—we ran.

"I just shot a skunk," he gasped as we held our noses and raced back the path.

"So I smell," I answered as we sank by the trunk of an old spreading beech tree.

"There was a young one with the old one," he said, "let's go back and get it later, after the breeze has blown this smell away."

"O. K.," said I, and so back we went.

The little kitten was running around its mother as we arrived and it spat at us as we approached. I went over and picked it up as I knew it was too small to hurt anybody. I took it home, made a strong pen and decided to keep it awhile.

It became very tame and I could handle it easily. But it could not put up with the cats. I had a lot of fun with it and it would play like a kitten. It had smooth silky black hair and a little white stripe down its back. The girls were very much afraid of it for some reason or other.

One very hot day in late August when the skunk kitten was about three months old, we had our bathing suits on and were just going down for a swim. I happened to glance over towards the pen which was set up by the end of the barn, to see an enormous gray tom cat prowling around and sniffing at Jimmy's pen. Jimmy was up at the wire spitting and hissing at him. The cat sprang at Jimmy, hit the wire and dropped to the ground but was up again in an instant, head, paws and chest up against the wire.

Long before I was half-way to them there was a cat's screech, a terrible smell and a gray streak heading toward the foot of the garden.

Bathing-suit on, I carried Jimmy and his pen far down into the swamp, set him down, opened the door of the pen, left him, and ran to the creek. I went back a few days later and found the pen still there, and there it will stay. I suppose Jimmy is still happily roaming the woods, and I hope, keeping out of harm's way.

GRADE IX



Seated (left to right)—Jacqueline Lampman, Joyce Gordon, Marion McNiven, Nancy Abdallah, Martha Heinrichs, Marion Hill, Frances Ulman, Audrey Weller, Mildred Hague, June Misener, Shirley Bradley.

Second Row—Arnold Heinrichs, Colon Burnham, Marguerite Shaughnessy, Ruth Brown, Mary Kowalski, Jean Dell, Lilly Kinach, Eileen Bissell, Birgit Dahl, Junior Mosley, Wm. Bauer,

Third Row—Peter Tokar, Robert Brooks, James Whan, Lloyd Stirtzinger, Ross Staley, Murland Foss, Keith Zavitz, Jack Morton, Wilfrid Minor, Frazer Zwierschke.

My Adventure with a Peasant Woman as told by King Alfred

By Arnold Heinrichs, GRADE IX

WHEN the Danish invaders were victorious against my army I had to flee and hide. In the woods I met a peasant who proved to be loyal to me and who took me to his hut. Of course I was in disguise and he didn't tell his wife who I was. She didn't think anything of me but went on with her baking.

The woodsman went out to spy on the Danes. Soon after the woman went out to gather fire-wood and asked me to mind the cakes while she was out. I consented to do this because I was hungry.

I soon became so absorbed in making arrows for my bow and thinking about my scattered army that I completely forgot the cakes.

All at once I smelled something burning and before I knew what had happened the woman was at me and was boxing my ears. Then she commenced scolding me and calling me all sorts of names.

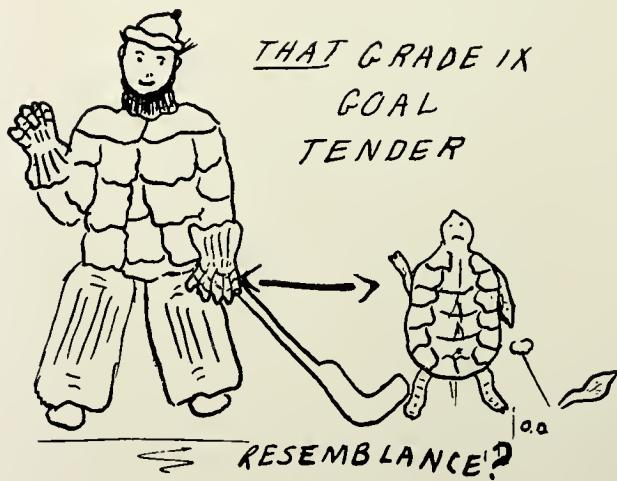
I doubt if she would have been so hasty about scolding me if she had known my real identity. However I took my scolding, gathered my bow and arrows and left, resolved to beat the Danes at any cost.

ON GRADE IX NAMES

By Lilly Kinach, GRADE IX

MINOR Brown rode over the Hill into the Dell. He soon came to some Brooks where the bridge was caved in over a small branch of the Fraser River. He thought that he could cross as the water was not deep, but as this was the thirteenth day of June, an unlucky day, he got stuck. "Let's hire a Hague and she will pull us out," said Junior Brown. The Hague was procured but she was too weak to pull, but she gave some good advice, "A Tokar can easily be obtained!" Minor Brown phoned Heinrich's Garage from Staley's home. The Tokar soon arrived but with much difficulty the car could not be pulled out. The Leppert driver began to cuss, "Mosley me, this car weighs a Morton, I cannot pull her out." Junior Brown began to cry, "But you'll have to for I Whan a go home." As it was getting dark a Lampman was fetched to light the way and soon pulled the car to dry land. Brown paid the full sum (Fulsom) and said, "You are a Weller and not an Ulman by helping me out so much." And the Leppert replied, "And you, my good man, are not a Misener but a Goss by being so generous as to give me a tip." Minor Brown and Junior thanked the Leppert and went on their way.

They neared the village where they lived and soon rode beneath the Bauer, which was the entrance to the estate. As soon as they stepped down from the mud covered car they made a dash for the pantry. They were very hungry and quickly ate some Burnham, Crowe Pie and other Bradley Specials. Minor Brown cleaned the mess up with a Bissell sweeper and Junior began to play with a Shaughnessy Dahl which he called Gordon.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF AEROPLANES

By Joyce Gordon, GRADE IX

ONE SUNNY summer morning, if you had been paying any particular attention at all to the bird activities in the old orchard, you would have seen Mr. Carrier Pigeon, the rural mailman, reluctantly stopping at every single nest on the route to deliver an important looking blue envelope.

Well, seeing you apparently weren't looking at that particular moment, I will let you in on what those important looking blue envelopes contained.

First of all there was an important looking blue card on which was neatly printed:

"ALL MEMBERS OF THE ORCHARD LADIES' AID ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO COME AND BRING THEIR FAMILIES TO A SPECIAL MEETING FOR THE DISCUSSION OF AEROPLANES, AT THE NEST OF MRS. JUDGE CHRISTOPHER ROBIN, AT 2:30 P.M."

Well, that alone was enough to bring scores of bird folk, but another little notice below which read: "REFRESHMENTS WILL BE SERVED" seemed to settle the matter, and everyone planned to come.

Jenny Wren took a bath in "Eau de Feather," and Sally Swallow, another gay belle, smothered herself in "Cherry Blossom Powder."

Grandmother Sparrow and all the English Sparrow Clan piled into the old flock formation and sailed over to the old apple tree, the home of Mrs. Robin. When the sparrows go any place they chatter so much that the noise tells everyone when to come. As a result the birds soon arrived by the tens and dozens.

Mrs. Robin opened the meeting, and after a few minor details, moved that the rest of the meeting be set aside for the discussion of aeroplanes. Sarah Martin seconded it; and at once the juniors all broke out into a wave of conversation but were soon pounced on by their elders, and the tree was quiet once more.

"Judge Christopher Tobias Robin," began Chrysanthemum Canary, "I would like you to state your opinion on the various collections of flying apparatus known to the human race as aeroplanes."

The Judge wiped his spectacles thoughtfully and tried to hide a smile, for Mrs. Canary greatly amused him by her flowery phrases. Finally he spoke, "Well, Mrs. Canary, I think that it is just another of those foolish human inventions to try and copy some other creatures' original ideas."

"Well," gasped Jenny Wren, jumping up with such violence that it knocked her bonnet off, "It seems to me that those men-things are always copying every peaceful, law-abiding creatures' notions. How would they like it if we carried their homes off for science classes; and put nests on wheels and went crashing all over the place?"

After that violent speech, Jenny fell back exhausted into the appreciative arms of Ned Kildeer who fanned her understandingly.

Then up spoke Grandmother Sparrow, "The things those men make are only some fool's conception. Those aeroplanes are great, big bulky affairs with a lot of useless gadgets that make a great noise. The whole outfit is the most clumsy affair I've seen in a long time, and believe you me, I've seen a lot of things in my time."

All of a sudden Sammy Jay broke loose from parental moorings and screeched "When do we eat?"

Then all the minors asserted themselves in that respect and confusion reigned.

Mrs. Robin wisely said, "I think we had better follow Sammy's suggestion, as we are all tired of the discussion; so if you'll all just go over to the stone wall, you will find a picnic supper all ready for you."

Strangely enough, everybody heard her in spite of the noise, and began a mad dash to see who would get there first.

I think that to omit the following events would be of better taste; and I will close by quoting some of Judge Robin's remarks at the feast. "As long as these aeroplanes are not as good fliers as we are, why worry, they are certainly not giving us any competition."

This speech was followed by unanimous cheers from young and old alike as they dispersed to their nests.

EARLY SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO

By Bob Brooks, GRADE IX

WHO WERE the founders of these 'Early Schools?' Little do we realize as we sit in our comfortable school-room that one hundred years ago children had to walk many miles to get to school. They would kiss their parents good-bye and wander off, not returning home till evening.

After the War of Independence, many people from Pennsylvania and New York State wanted to remain loyal to the British crown. Little did they realize the hardships ahead. They left money, beautiful homes, and wandered off, with a few belongings to a new country. Many settled in Ontario, along the St. Lawrence River and the Maritime Provinces.

These loyalists were not the only new people in our land. There were many from Ireland, Scotland and Wales and they wanted some schooling for their children.

For schoolmasters many men from the Napoleonic Wars came over. They were very cruel and for every little thing they would whip the children. The parents didn't like these men, but many of our famous Canadian men were educated in these schools.

At first there were only the private schools attended by the richer children. There were all sizes and it was very noisy.

The Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church wanted to help the people receive education, so many attended these Church Schools.

While in the villages, private schools were established, sometimes by a crippled soldier unable to do the heavy work of chopping, sometimes by a widow or spinster needing the shilling a week for each pupil, sometimes and very often, in the remote farmsteads, especially if the parents were not serious-minded, the children had little chance of being other than illiterate little savages.

In 1804 five magistrates of the County of Glengarry, together with John Bethune, a Presbyterian minister, and five of the elders of his congregation, sent a petition to parliament urging that the government should establish common schools. This petition was denied by a majority of two, but the popular demand became so great that soon after the War of 1812 was ended, it became too strong to resist. In 1816 the government approved the principle and provided £6000 to be paid as grants in aid of primary schools. By this law the residents of any community might build a school if there were twenty children of school age in the neighbourhood, and might elect three trustees with power to engage a teacher and manage the business of the school.

The first schools were made of logs hewn on two sides. The cracks were chinked and filled with plaster. There were few text books and every child had a slate and pencil. Paper was very scarce. The common school system as first set up was not a success, either in point of architecture or management, so that ways and means were sought for improvement.

The man responsible for the setting up of the system which prevails even today as free schools, was Egerton Ryerson. He was named in 1844 as the man who was to find a way of providing better common schools.

After spending some time abroad, he picked out the best features of the school systems of New York, Massachusetts and Prussia and combined them in a plan for Ontario. Owing to opposition the system was not written into the laws of Ontario until 1850. From that time on Ryerson was a very busy man.

In the organization of higher education in Ontario, John Strachan took a leading part. High or Grammar Schools were established by the government before the common schools.

Where were some of these schools? John Strachan's private school at Cornwall was one of the first best known schools in Ontario. It later became the Eastern District School. Kingston was the seat of the Midland District school. Another great school was situated at York. It was the Home District School. There were District schools at Cobourg, at Niagara, at Victoria, at Brockville, at Hamilton and Windsor. Grantham Academy became later the St. Catharines Collegiate. There was a Grammar School of some distinction at Fonthill.

Ryerson retired from office in 1876. Since that time the Department of Education has been in charge of a responsible member of the government, the Minister of Education. Ryerson died in 1882, having seen the desire of his eyes—an equal chance of education for every boy and girl in the province.

What do we, the pupils of 1940, owe to the early schools, schoolmasters and trustees? The pioneers gave us a free land where we can think and express ourselves. They gave us the traditions of the past, a high respect for Canada and the Empire. They gave us our excellent school system which they themselves did not have. They didn't have the books, and fine buildings and well qualified teachers that we now have. But they learned to be good citizens in their day just as we are trying to be good citizens today and we owe them a debt of gratitude.



OLD SQUARE LOG SCHOOLHOUSE ON SCUGOG ISLAND

From F. G. Weir's "Scugog and its Environs"

—Courtesy Ontario Publishing Co., Ltd.

TRAVEL AS A MEANS OF EDUCATION

By Mary McCombs, GRADE X

TRAVEL is such a vast subject that only a small portion of it may be considered in one essay.

Some people travel because business demands it; others for pleasure and some for education. I am going to consider travel as a means of education.

At school we study the subject of Geography, learn about new lands, and peoples and their customs. We have an idea that we understand it; but we do not really get a first class knowledge of them till we make a visit to those lands.

Let us imagine we are going to Japan, that land of strange customs, that land of dazzling blossoms and fairy landscapes.

We sailed from New York harbour and in the course of two weeks we arrived at the northern island of Japan, Hokkaido.

We were welcomed heartily by the Japanese in their sort of hissing language. In ceremony and in politeness the people of Japan can hardly be outdone. Their greetings and salutations, their apologies and requests, breathe extreme humility on the part of the speaker and unbounded admiration of the one addressed.

Perhaps Japanese children have a happier time than any other children in the world. Their fathers and mothers are devoted to them, and train them from babyhood to be self-controlled and polite to everyone, to be gentle in their ways and to be fond of work. And all this lays the foundation of life-long happiness. Spoiled, selfish, idle, cross and miserable children are rarely met with in Japan.

The country in appearance is somewhat like that of the New England States. There were mountains and rich forests of oak, maple and alder in the lower foothills. Rich fertile fields were planted with crops such as wheat, peas, potatoes and flax. There were also vast orchards of plum trees, apples, pears and peaches.

We wanted to see Sapporo, the capital of this island, so we used the railway for transportation. This allowed us to see acres of rice which is Japan's most important crop. Sapporo appeared like most of our North American cities, because it had just been built in recent years.

It was in the cities and towns that we saw Japan's millions of inhabitants. Many too were engaged in the fields, for agriculture is certainly actively carried on in Japan, as in China. We saw thousands employed in the fishing industry, for fish is very plentiful and is one of the chief articles of food. But we could see that tall, smoky chimneys were rapidly rising in many industrial centres in Japan.

The houses in Japan were built of wood with tough paper for windows and the partitions simply sliding doors. Paper served as umbrellas and water-proofs, and often a farmer or fisherman was observed wearing a cloak of thatch.

Beds in the houses were made of thick quilts laid on the floor, with wooden pillows, all removed in the daytime. It was seen that everything in a Japanese home was tastefully arranged so as to give pleasure to the eye, and all was spotlessly clean.

Many travellers go to Japan for these islands are a central station in a tour around the world, and all admire their scenery and flowers, and their temples, tombs and festivals, which recall an interesting past.

And so we have learned a great deal about Japan already by travelling through a small part of it, and as a result we now know about its customs at first hand. And therefore you will see what I mean when I say that travel is an important means of education.

THE HISTORY OF RIDGEVILLE

By John L. Savigny, GRADE XI

WHEN one motors through any part of our country he will see nestled here and there small villages such as Ridgeville. Most people take these for granted, as if they had just happened, without any sweat or toil on the part of our fathers. They do not realize that where a dozen houses stand to-day possibly only one stood seventy years ago.

Ridgeville is no exception to this. Before 1879 it was known as Steele's Corners, and consisted of a general store, built and operated by Mr. Jonah Steele. Mr. Steele lived on what is now the property of Mr. W. Herbert. A grocery store and post office was owned and operated by Mr. John Thompson where the Bell Telephone Office stands to-day.

Two hotels were also in existence, the one operated by Mr. George Holditch, on the present property of Mr. George Berg. The other hotel was operated by a Mr. Tunnacliffe, the father of Mr. Frank Tunnacliffe, the present postmaster of Fenwick. This hotel was on the White property across the road.

Although it was in the days of horses, one might be surprised to find that four blacksmith shops were once to be found in the village. One was conducted by a Mr. Clark Ward on the present property of Mr. Peter Hoover. Peter and Bob Brown, brothers, also ran a blacksmithing and wagon-making business just across the lane from Mr. Ward, on the corner now vacant. Mr. A. Nelson had a blacksmith shop on the Isaac Erion property. As well, a blacksmithing business was carried on by a Mr. Anderson in the old garage of Mr. Eli Weller, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago.

The general store was destroyed by fire twice. It was rebuilt by George Townsend, Jr., who planned another store. He sold it, however, to his brother, Sanford Townsend, who converted it into a gristmill. It was later sold to Mr. Frank Williams, who left his grocery store, situated where Mr. Hallet now lives, to operate it as a general store until his death, when our present merchant and postmaster, Mr. McClellan, took over.

The place now owned by Mr. George Robinson was first owned by a Cohoe family. The daughter of Mr. Cohoe married Mr. George Townsend Sr., who purchased the property now owned by Mr. Frank Misener.

Some two hundred acres of land now owned by the Fonthill Nurseries, and operated by Mr. C. M. Haist, was allegedly bought by Samuel Neckett for a pair of boots and an old grey mare.

During its history, Ridgeville has had four sawmills. One was operated by John Goodwillie, the remains of which, a couple of broken down shacks, can still be found in the lower part of the nursery property mentioned above. Another was operated by Mr. John Crow on the present property of Mr. Lewis Morgan. The third was maintained by Mr. E. E. Morse on the present property of Mr. John Metler. This he moved to the place formerly operated as a canning factory by Mr. W. Crow. The present sawmill is now owned and operated by the Lindsay Lumber Company.

Ridgeville's telephone system was installed about 1900. It was first managed in the house now owned by Mr. S. B. Brush, by Mr. George Arnold. At one time there was an observatory on Mr. J. L. Haist's place, one of the highest parts of Ontario.

Ridgeville appears to be a peaceful and contented community, which indeed it is, but nevertheless, it has experienced four suicides and a murder.

In 1912 the Bishop Vault and Memorial Works was established. This along with the sawmill, several nurseries and the farms now comprises Ridgeville's industry. Probably the first industry was a brewery, later changed into an earthenware establishment. This was located to the east of the village.

It might be interesting to note that the Fall Fair was held at one time at the Township Hall in Pelham Centre. There was also a post office in this building at one time.

Although Ridgeville's industries are less numerous than of old, its population has increased. Most of the houses have been built in comparatively late years.

Ridgeville is to-day by no means large, but, owing to its suitable situation, a very delightful and beautiful village. Time has made no vast difference in it in the past and probably will not in the future.



MODEL SAIL BOAT—Designed and built by Capt. John Thurston, photographed in Leppert's Pond.

The Influence of Radio on Public Opinion

By June Whan, GRADE XIII

TWO HUNDRED years ago, the idea that man would one day "catch sound and music from the air" would have been scoffed at as utterly foolish and ridiculous. And yet to-day there are thousands, yes millions, whose lives are affected by this marvellous invention—the radio. Reaching vast audiences, the radio challenges even the press as one of the most effective instruments for moulding public opinion and creating buying habits.

. . . "And so you see, ladies, you just can't afford to let your big opportunity slip by. Get the new "Sure-Mis" Crisco from your grocer" . . . And so it goes. Through the means of commercial advertising by radio, the large manufacturer makes his way into the home—and perhaps the purse—of the average housewife. It would be futile to suggest that programs supported thus by advertising do not influence the listener's opinion. They do, indeed, and what better way is there to introduce their products than by dramatic serials?

Serials heard daily in many homes are but one of the many types of drama which radio has to offer. By the turning of the dial we are able to hear anything from the great Shakespearean "Hamlet" to a Gracie Allen murder mystery. In this way public opinion in the dramatic world is formulated to a very large extent by means of radio.

Drama of a rather different type was displayed quite recently during the visit of our gracious sovereign and his queen. National sentiment throughout the country was intensified by the varied broadcasts and commentaries, particularly those in which their majesties took part. Surely no one would foolishly deny that public opinion was influenced, as the hearts of all were stirred.

Regardless of what other programs may hold his interest, the average man derives much benefit from news broadcasts. Into the home the newscaster brings his commentaries, at the same time, by means of his personality, exerting an influence upon the listener.

There occurs an earthquake in Japan, a flood in China, war breaks out. In the flash of an eye the world can be advised of any catastrophe by radio. War is truly a much-dreaded state, and yet it is made somewhat more tolerable by the widespread influence of radio, which keeps us up-to-the-minute on all angles of the situation.

In the realm of politics, the opinions of "the man in the street" may be swayed by political broadcasts and this means of campaigning exerts perhaps as great an influence as any other. Politicians must educate the people to agree with their views, else their labour is in vain.

Our education is never complete, and the educational features afforded by radio must not be lightly overlooked. Radio classes in spelling and English are one example of the many ways we are influenced by the air-waves.

And so, by means of radio, the opinion of the general public is affected perhaps more than anyone realizes. We can listen to our greatest statesmen—or pick up a new recipe for noodle soup. However, the radio is knitting people closer together, giving us common viewpoints on both local and international affairs, creating common interests in our everyday life. The fullest developments of radio have not been reached and what its future possibilities are, nobody can rightly say.

OLD FORT ERIE

By Betty Aldrey, GRADE X

ONE SUNDAY this summer we visited the Old Fort. After first seeing other points of interest we arrived at the Old Fort and bought our tickets.

The Old Fort is situated south-west of the Peace Bridge and is now being reconstructed as it was in 1812 by the Niagara Parks Commission. The Fort is surrounded by a moat and in order to cross we had to go over a drawbridge; it was here that we met a guard. We then passed from the Ravelin to the Salient by way of a wooden door studded by iron bolts to make it strong. The door is in a stone wall which is connected to the two barracks.

Up on both the north-east and south-east bastions there are three cannons—one of iron and two of brass.

The barracks were then shown to us. We entered first the powder magazine in which the handpikes and powder were stored. There is a window in this room which is protected by copper wire.

As we entered the door of the recreation room, we noticed a large bed about twelve feet long and six feet wide all made of wood. In a corner there is a fire-place and hanging on a crance is a large iron pot, which was used to cook the soldiers' victuals.

In the Officers' quarters there was an old rope bed with a few old quilts on it. In this room was also an old oak table, a rocking chair and a fire-place.

We were then taken into a room which had a large maplike affair on the table showing Fort Erie and the vicinity as it was in 1812. In this room, the guard told us how Colonel Bradstreet had selected a certain site on which to build Old Fort Erie so that the men could be taken in a ship to relieve Fort Detroit where there was fierce fighting with the fierce Indians.

One noted visitor at Old Fort Erie was Pontiac, an Indian chief, and he was well received for he was on his way to Oswego to a council meeting.

In 1812 war was declared between Canada and the United States. The States thought that Canada would easily be conquered and on July 3rd, 1814, forty-five hundred Americans under Major-General Jacob Brown attacked Fort Erie, which had a garrison of one hundred and seventy men, so General Buck, the British commander, surrendered.

The British, on August 15th, attacked Fort Erie. There were three columns of soldiers—two failed, but the third, under Colonel Drummond with 700 men, led his force against the north-west demi-bastion with scaling ladders. They swarmed over the parapets and turned the guns against the Fort. The powder magazine under the bastion suddenly exploded blowing men to tremendous heights. The rest of the attackers were hurled from the parapets and as best they could, returned to the British lines. From here the Americans marched on Lundy's Lane, where they were met by the Canadians, who fought so valiantly that the Americans retreated. This was called a drawn battle. The Americans had now found that there was no use in keeping Old Fort Erie so they deserted it and returned to their own country.

The museum was the next place that was shown to us. In one room there was a collection of Sir Henry Pellatt's photos of Regiments. In other rooms there were relics of all kinds—buttons of different regiments taken from the soldier's coats, a sword handle of Colonel Drummond which had a head of a lion engraved on it. On the upper floor there were swords, pikes, spears and guns of all kinds, armour, old hats, arrow heads, and metals of different makes. The floors of the Fort have no nails in them but are all pegged down and most of the relics that are in the museum are the ones found when rebuilding the fort.

To leave the grounds of the Fort we passed through the Sally-port and crossed the trestle bridge to the south-west bastion. In this place there are small holes for the sharp shooters to fire from.

When we passed out of the gates of Old Fort Erie we thought that we had spent a very memorable day.

PLATINUM

By June Miscner, GRADE IX

PLATINUM was probably known in its impure state from early times, but because of its physical properties and especially its high melting point it was impossible to work it by any of the arts then known, and it therefore remained as an unnamed substance.

About the middle of the eighteenth century it was introduced into Europe in small quantities and attracted the notice of various chemists. The chemists found that it was infusible in the highest temperature of the furnace. Platinum was melted in 1758 in the focus of a powerful burning glass.

Platinum in the massive form is a greyish-white metal. When pure it is a white metal and is very soft, therefore for certain purposes it must be alloyed. It alloys very easily with metals of its own kind which are palladium, rhodium, ruthenium, osmium and iridium, and likewise with gold, silver and lead.

Platinum is used in the laboratory. It is the best catalyst for the man-

ufacture of sulphuric acid by the contact process. Platinum or, better, iridium-platinum alloy is the most suitable anode material for electrolysis of all kinds. It is used extensively for some surgical instruments, such as needles, for it can be sterilized easily.

Canada is the leading country to-day in the production of platinum. It was first found in Russia but its supply is not as great as Canada's now. Colombia in South America also produces some platinum.

COMMERCIAL XI



Seated (left to right)—Annie Dalybozyk, Dorothy Martyn, Evelyn Kelly, Doris Dalybozyk, Annabel Hicks, Marjorie Berg.
Standing—George Misener, William Peacock, Edward Guinn.

OUR NEW COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

By Doris Dalybozyk

QUITE A change has taken place in our Commercial Department. Previously, as you may remember, the balcony was open with a railing along the side which kept the students from falling over with a typewriter.

This year an addition has been built out over the gymnasium, and a wall with three windows has been erected making it a proper room.

What a relief! Now we can have all the space we want. Last year's classes were so cramped for room they could hardly move. Nobody has to worry about the typewriters falling over the ledge and as a result killing somebody below. The members of the School Board have had cupboards built in which to place them.

The lighting system has been improved a great deal. If you can recall your public school days, you can probably remember that we are supposed to read with the light over our left shoulders. Well, we have that system up in the Commercial Department now.

May we extend our warm thanks to the members of the School Board for their efforts in having the improvements made.

ESSENTIALS FOR COMMERCIAL STUDENTS

By Annie Dalybozyk

Miss Edwards, who was a student of the Northern Vocational School in Toronto, is the winner of a contest sponsored by the Underwood Typewriter Company. This contest was to take the form of an essay, giving a description of the attainments of an efficient secretary. She has given us a very good account of what a thorough and efficient secretary should be.

As students of the Commercial class, it should be our aim, if we wish to become of value to a business office, to strive for all those essentials which Miss Edwards gives us in her essay. We print the essay that it may be a guiding light for every past, present, and future commercial student:

"Neat, accurate work, quickly and efficiently completed, is undoubtedly essential in the making of a good secretary; but an employer looks for more than this when selecting an assistant.

A young man or woman neatly and tastefully attired, with clothes brushed and pressed, shoes shined and hair tidily arranged, will attract the attention and admiration of an employer and his clients and is an asset to any office.

In choosing a secretary, the prospective employer looks for one who is not content merely to carry out his duties in a machine-like manner, but who endeavours to make each piece of work an improvement over the last—always striving to get ahead.

The secretary who has a definite interest in her work, who is anxious to please her employer and assist him to the best of her ability in all matters pertaining to the business, who uses initiative in the execution of her duties and is self-confident and tactful when dealing with clients and office associates, has accomplished a great deal towards making a success of her position.

The conscientious worker who does every assignment, no matter how small or unimportant it may seem, with the same thoroughness and care she would give to work of the greatest importance, has achieved one of the chief requisites of the model secretary.

Trustworthiness is appreciated highly by any employer. The secretary who can intelligently discuss the business of the firm with her superiors and yet who will not carry confidences out of the office to her friends and relatives, will win the greatest esteem and is always eligible for promotion.

By no means the least important item in the make-up of the good secretary is a sense of humour and a pleasant disposition."

THE RISE OF BANKING

By Edward Guinn

The bank as we know it to-day is a fairly new institution, but that principle of business for which it stands, that is, the taking of interest for money loaned, can be traced back to antiquity.

About 3000 B. C. the temple served as the bank of a community and it was not until about 600 B. C. that private individuals began to set up in opposition to the temple. It is interesting to note the origin of the money changers of ancient Athens. Many and varied systems of coinage existed in the old barbarian world. It is needless to say that great confusion arose when a man of one country tried to transact a business deal with a man of another. They had no way of knowing when they had arrived at a fair adjustment. Thus, men set up in the business of selling foreign coins to travellers. The money changers charged a commission in order to make a living. This was only

the beginning of the Athenian banking system. This banker became in time a master of credit and capital. He soon found that the making of loans was a more profitable occupation. Rates of interest charged were outrageously high.

Bankers of Rome, before the death of Caesar, followed all lines of banking. They conducted auctions, changed foreign money, accepted deposits, loaned money on security, made loans for customers and bought and sold real estate for customers. When the Roman civilization was wiped out, all branches of business degenerated throughout western Europe for several centuries.

From 1157 until 1797, the Bank of Venice, which is the oldest public bank in Europe, carried on a thriving business. Much of the money that was deposited in the bank was used to carry on wars, and the owners were paid a certain rate of interest. In the later middle ages, powerful financial firms ruled in the field of banking. Some of the most famous names include the Peruzzi, the Medici, and the Fuggers.

Banking in London was instituted by the goldsmiths, who were persons dealing in precious metals. The men kept strong boxes and soon people came to ask permission to leave their surplus money in his keeping. Then cheques were introduced and used very much as they are to-day, though perhaps for different purposes. Often people used cheques to avoid being robbed of their money in the streets. Soon it came about that actual cash was seldom withdrawn from the goldsmith's strong box, and the goldsmith found it necessary to devote all of his time to this new business. In order to secure more deposits he began to pay interest to those who left their money with him, rather than to charge a fee for his services.

In 1694 the Bank of England was founded by William Paterson. He wanted to obtain for the government a better method of raising money, and therefore instituted a company having a Governor, a Deputy-Governor, and twenty-four Directors. They were to receive eight per cent on their money and the right to start the business of banking. The Bank of England was the only joint stock bank in England and their notes soon became used as money.

ECHOES FROM THE BALCONY

Can you imagine:

Marjorie Shantry at school every day?
 George not winking at the girls?
 Bill not saying sarcastic things?
 Annabel not being late?
 Ted having his spelling correct?
 Glenna attending all shorthand classes?
 Evelyn not laughing at something not funny?
 Doris and Annie not quarrelling?
 Marjorie Berg liking Agriculture?
 Bill, Bud and John not telling stores? (Confucius say)
 June not chewing gum?
 Anne not combing her hair?
 Dorothy and Anne not together?

Business Practice Question: "You married Mr. James Smith. A cheque came to you made to Mrs. James Smythe. Show the proper endorsement."

Ken H.: "What do we boys do?"

Miss Blake: "The same thing. Good practice for you."

POETRY SECTION

MY HOUSE ON THE HILL

By Marguerite Shaughnessy, GRADE IX.

A quaint little house on the brow of a hill,
Where everything's quiet, and peaceful, and still,
With nothing around me but flowers and bees,
And birds nesting high on the boughs of tall trees.

A little grey house with shutters of blue,
And everything shining, and everything new,
A gay little porch where roses entwine;
The sweet scent of flowers, and odour of pine.

A little blue door that is always ajar
For old friends to enter from near and from far;
A path winding far to the valley below
Where often I wander to banish my woe.

Far off in the distance there babbles a brook
Where fish swim and play in a shady green nook
Now, oft times I wonder if I ever will
Own a quaint little house on the brow of a hill

A BLACKBOARD

By Marguerite Shaughnessy, GRADE IX.

I am hard, and black, and cold,
I'm not young, nor am I old,
Such a life as I must lead,
Pains and sorrows I must heed.
Here's the story of my life,
Filled with laughter, joy and strife:
In the morning I arise,
Wipe the chalk-dust from my eyes.
Patiently I stand and wait
For the day, when comes my fate.
In come all the girls and boys,
Bringing gladness, cares, and joys.
Then they look at me and frown,
How they wish that I'd burn down!
Teacher writes upon my face
Of all peoples, names and race;
And the children at me stare,
Oh, what tortures I must bear.
Though I may seem gruff and bold,
I possess a heart of gold;
When the children 'round me stand,
I give them a helping hand.

SPRING, SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWERS

By Marguerite Shaughnessy, GRADE IX.

The crocus is a pretty thing,
It comes in very early spring,
Its eyes are closed when it appears
But open when the skies are cleared.
It wears a gown of snowy white,
And makes a very lovely sight.

The columbines come one by one
Lifting their eyes up to the sun;
Dressed in robes of purple state,
And hoping that they're not too late.
They peek above the garden wall
To greet their spring friends one and all.

What scent is that that fills the air?
Ah! there's the maiden over there!
To-day she's dressed in brightest red
A band of dewdrops 'round her head.
She's nodding to us, see, she knows
That we all love the summer rose.

Dressed in brightest gold attire
Appears a lovely ball of fire;
It holds its head so high and bold,
You guessed it, it's the marigold.
Its stem is sturdy, fresh and green,
No gayer flower may be seen.

Then to greet the happy day
Come the mums so bright and gay;
They grow in sizes large and small,
I think we love them best of all,
Because we know they are the last
Until the winter's snow has passed.

"HOW-D'YE-SAY-IT?"

By Joyce Gordon, GRADE IX.

Since Jr. "So-and-so" and Mrs. "What's her-name,"
Have been to see the "Thing-m'jig," they've never been
the same.

Was it the "What-chem'call-it," a "Thing-m'bob," or
two,

That caused them to become this way?

I wouldn't know, would you?

TO A ROSE

By Mable Fletcher

Oh, lovely Rose! Thou art indeed most fair
Of all the lovely, fragrant flow'rs that bless
This weary world, and bring great happiness
Unto we mortal men. A perfume rare
Thou hast, a subtle scent, which fills the air
With pleasing fragrance sweet. The loveliness
Of thy soft velvet petals I now press
Unto my heart and breathe a fervent pray'r:
"Dear Father, grant that this sweet-scented flow'r,
May teach unto Thy people here below
A needful lesson. Through each earthly hour
May we o'ercome each piercing thorn—each woe!"
For only when we conquer pain and strife
Do we reveal the beauty of this life.

A FORGOTTEN RIVER

By Harold Hodgkins

It nestles in a foreign land
A land that holds no name,
Though girt with forest or with sand
It travels on the same.

It narrows through some stoney pass
With mountains glowing down,
Or winds about through flowing grass
Hemmed in by nature's gown.

Dark clouds may wander in the sky
Above its sparkling waves,
It cares not for it hurries by;
Yes! one of Ocean's slaves.

It runs through wild untravelled land,
It travels on the same
Where girt with forest or with sand
It goes without a name.

THE OLD LEAVES

By Harold Hodgkins

I can see the old leaves falling down
Falling down on the cold damp ground
They, only left to lie and rot
Their beauty soon will be forgot.
Beneath the winter's frozen snow.
(Why is it they are treated so?)
The time has not slipped far away
When in the trees we saw them play,
Their wondrous colours caught our eye
Fluttering and waving in the sky
And now they tumble back to earth
Back to the place of their early birth.

DREAMING

By Harold Hodgkins

Far up beyond the ridge
He sees the raven fly,
The pheasant in some hillside haunt
The bee upon some honeyed jaunt,
A lark against the sky.
And there beside the crystal stream,
With rod in hand, he sits to dream.
His contemplating eye
Has lost its watchful force;
The opportunity has slipped
The greedy fish just now has flipped,
And there, far out, upon the stream,
The rod goes gliding with his dream.

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ROYAL VISIT

By Myrtle Walker

To-day as I sat listening
Before our radio,
There came to me, across the wires,
The Queen's voice, soft and low.

Although she made no effort,
Her voice rang sweet and clear,
For all the crowd in silence stood
Their dear Queen's voice to hear.

At the trooping of new colours
The sky was dull and gray;
Yet to all those quietly watchful
It was a glorious day.

And to all the many people
In homes or on the stand,
'Twas a ne'er forgotten happ'ning,
The first one in the land.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Staff and Student Body, Friends and Fellow Graduates:—

I deem it a great privilege to have been chosen to give you this, the farewell address from the graduating class of 1939.

For five years now we have been working toward this end, toward this night when we might receive our high school graduation diplomas. And now this night has arrived and we are all just a little bewildered and frightened. But you must not get the idea that we have been plodding along these years with one thought uppermost in our minds: "Maybe we'll get out of here alive." On the contrary, these have been happy years, probably the happiest of our lives, for they have been the years in which we have grown up, the years in which we have enjoyed the pleasures and good times of youth without accepting any of the world's responsibilities.

Of our twelve members, five have taken positions in the business world, four are attending Normal School, one has entered the nursing profession, and two are taking post graduate work. And so, five short months since last June we are already scattered far across the country.

These are troubled times into which we are graduating. The world is in a state of war. There is a feeling of tension, of uncertainty. We who have received our diplomas here to-night do not remember the last war. We do not know the true meaning of the word as do some of you who served overseas or sacrificed in some other way that democracy might not perish. Oh, we've read about it, we've heard about it—but it's not the same. Thus' we are stepping forth into a world of chaos, and because of this our high school training is very important.

And so we must not forget our teachers, that noble body of B.A.'s and M.A.'s who have pounded Geometry theorems and Caesarian speeches into our heads. They have been very patient with us when we failed to do our homework, they have helped us through difficult subjects, they have even reprimanded us when we needed it, and taken us down the occasional peg. I think we have been very fortunate in having such a fine group of teachers. We have always known Mr. Crossley and Miss De La Mater for they have been here longer than we have. Mr. Laing joined the staff at the beginning of our third year, and Miss Dixon a year ago. We, in the general course, did not have the pleasure of taking any classes from Miss Blake, but she was of invaluable help as co-director of our school plays with Miss De La Mater.

Nor must we forget our parents who have stood by us during these years, that we might acquire an education and so be better equipped to face the world.

When we were greenhorns about to enter high school we all felt very smug and conceited and grown up. We had a sort of "To-day I am a man" complex. We were high school students now. Then we saw our upperclassmen, and our egotism vanished. They looked so big, so old, so learned. They regarded us with an amused tolerance that made us feel very small and insignificant. But our first year passed very quickly, and our second, and before we knew it we were those same bored fifth formers, watching the freshmen to see that they didn't swallow their gum.

And now, just a word to the undergraduates. Carry on the traditions of the school, traditions of fair play and honesty. Uphold the honour of the Grey and Maroon in sports (basketball, baseball, field day), in your Literary Society and your music, in the mouthpiece of P. C. S., THE PELHAM PNYX. We did our best, while we were here, to make the social, as well as the ac-

(Continued on page 77)



ALUMNI



DORIS BAUSLAUGH—Is in training at Brantford General Hospital and having a good time, they say.

EVELYN BECKETT—Is spending her days working for Mr. Harrison in Welland and her nights at various places.

NETTIE BECKETT—Is taking a course in Domestic Science at Hamilton. How about an invitation to dinner some time soon, Nettie?

JACQUELINE BENALLICK—Jackie is spending her time during the week at Hamilton Normal School, and her weekends at home.

SHIRLEY BERRY—The art of being an excellent housewife seems to have interested Shirley so she is taking a course in Domestic Science at Hamilton.

BYARD BOYES—Is at home helping Dad keep the bees under control.

EDITH BRADLEY—Formerly employed by Canadian Cannery of Fonthill, is spending her time cutting up the ice of said city and doing housework somewhere in Wainfleet.

ROBERT BRADLEY—Bob is at present employed by Clemen's fruit farm. Good luck, Bobby, old boy!

EDGAR BROWN—As near as we can find out from his sister, is doing a little bit of everything—at home.

BRUCE CARPENTER—Has taken up the valuable position of being man about town. He says his job is hunting.

JEAN CHAMBERS—Anything from 5c up is Jean's motto, so call in at Kasser's in Welland.

DOROTHY COOK—Is reported to be having a good time not doing much of anything.

KATHLEEN EBERT—Is working at Zanes in Welland.

HAROLD ELLER—We hear that Harold has been working at St. Catharines General Hospital but is at home just now.

JOE ELLIOTT—Sorry to hear you've been ill, Joe. Here's wishing you the best of everything.

VERA ERION—Is whiling away the moments helping mother do the housework.

MARIE FORDHAM—Is attending Welland High School.

DONALD HAIST—Somewhere far out in the north-east Donald is helping dad turn up the good old soil and plant the potatoes and beans.

EVELYN HENDERSON—Is working in the Sales Audit Department of the Mail Order Building, T. Eaton Co., Toronto.

MURRAY HILL—Is working at home; for further information call Murray-hill 89933.

BETH LEWIS—Is employed at W. K. Balfour's stationery store in Fenwick.

LEO LYMBURNER—Has hooked himself a job in the office of Canada Forge and Foundries.

MARIE MAWHINNEY—Is somewhere in the City of Toronto.

ROBERT McINTOSH—Bob is attending Hamilton Normal School learning the art of embroidery and also the art of teaching little girls and boys the world is round or is it?

FERN PARFITT—Has been working in an office in Welland just to keep in practice, but right now she is at home.

BETTY PEACOCK—Has high anticipations for the future but at present is quite the lady of leisure.

BERTRAM POTH—Seems to have liked the saying "Home Sweet Home, There's No Place Like Home." So home he is staying.

JANE PRATTEN—The young miss of whom we saw very little last year is in training at Wellesley Hospital in Toronto.

CELAINE RANDALL—Is in Oregon, Illinois, studying the technique of how to be a minister.

FLOYD RITTENHOUSE—Known to all as "Rusty," is collecting T Models and testing their will-power.

FRANCES RCSS—Fanny is helping to make the women of Toronto more beautiful at the cosmetic counter of Simpson's Department Store.

RUTH SAVIGNY—Is attending Hamilton Normal industriously singing her cares away to little children and studying the ins and outs of how Problem Children ought or ought not to be treated.

EDWARD STICKLES—Has donned overalls and cap, picked up hammer and wrench, and is plugging away at Minor's Garage in Fonthill to find out just what makes these things known as automobiles stop.

EDSAL STIRTZINGER—Is attending Robinson Business College.

EDGAR TEBBIT—Is at home on the farm.

MARION TRAVER—Is attending Hamilton Normal School accomplishing two and two are four and four and four are . . .

EDWIN WALTON—Ted is not doing much of anything but looking hopefully for a job.

NORMA WILEY—Just walk right into Wiley's Studio anytime when you are in the vicinity of Welland and Norma will snap your picture, if you please.

LITERARY SOCIETY



Seated (left to right)—Gordon Beamer (Treas.), June Whan (Sec.), William Colcock (Pres.), Margaret Tuck.

Standing—Jacqueline Lampman, Joy Guinn, William Bauer, Eleanor McGlashan, Joseph Filip, Mabel Fletcher, Donald Alsop, Dorothy Martyn.

SCHOOL NOTES

LITERARY SOCIETY

President, William Colcock; Vice-President, Margaret Tuck; Secretary, June Whan; Treasurer, Gordon Beamer.

Form Representatives: Grade IX—Jacqueline Lampman, William Bauer; Grade X—Mary McCombs, Donald Alsop; Grade XI—Eleanor McGlashan, Joseph Filip; Grade XII—Mabel Fletcher; Form V—Joy Guinn, Gordon Beamer; Commercial Department—Dorothy Martyn.

Early in the school term nominations for Literary Society officers were made and a vigorous pre-election campaign got under way. A general election—complete with ballot box and voter's list—climaxed the struggle.

The first meeting of the society for the term was held on November 10 and took the form of a Remembrance Day programme. The guest speaker, Rev. Mr. Hampson, pastor of Fenwick United Church, gave an instructive and inspiring address.

On December 22 the Christmas meeting of the Literary Society was held in the assembly hall. The main feature was an auction sale of articles donated by teachers and students. From the mystery packages everything from scrap paper to a . . . a temperamental mule appeared. A tidy sum was realized which was sent to the Star Santa Claus Fund.

The Literary programme for February 11 was in the capable hands of Grade X. It consisted of musical numbers and summaries of the visit to Toronto given by various students of the form.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

The Annual Hallowe'en Party and Masquerade this year came well up to the high standard of former years. Gay streamers of orange and black transformed the gymnasium into a veritable home for hobgoblins. George Washington, the scarecrow from "The Wizard of Oz," a little cowgirl and a chubby milkmaid all turned out to assist the witches in making the occasion a memorable one. During the earlier part of the evening, moving pictures were shown and later dancing to the music of the Bontonian orchestra was enjoyed. Delicious refreshments were served by Julia Dilts and her committee and in surprisingly short time the Home Waltz was played. P. C. S. had put behind her another long-to-be-remembered school party.

VALENTINE PARTY

Students of P. C. S. paid their due respects to St. Valentine by a dance held in his honour. Moving pictures of the sinking of the Graf Spee occupied the early part of the evening and were followed by dancing to the rhythm of the Bontonians. During the lunch hour two former students of the school favoured with vocal solos: Jacqueline Benallick, who sang "South of the Border," and Joe Guinn, whose solo was entitled "Sweetheart." There were various novelty dances among them a Leap Year Dance, and another special dance which was won by Marion Mitchell and her partner, John Wiley. A shower of gay red balloons from the balcony added greatly to the enjoyment and amusement of everyone, and all too soon another delightful evening was brought to a close.



CAST OF "THE ENCHANTED ISLE"

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA



First Row—Seated (left to right)—Annie Dalybozyk, Martha Heinrichs, Frances Ulman, Eilleen Bissell.

Second Row—Doris Dalybozyk, Marjorie Page, Gordon Beamer, Douglas Bowman, William Alsop, Cecil Haist, John Savigny, Robbert van Berkum, Donald Alsop, John Wiley, Donald Metler, Keith Zavitz, Frank Biro.

Standing—W. F. Tufford, L.T.C.L., Edgar Ker.

COMMENCEMENT

Friday evening, December 1st, was the eventful night of the Annual Commencement. The usual capacity audience greeted the P. C. S. players and those who were to receive diplomas and medals.

William F. Tufford, L.T.C.L., and his school orchestra provided the music for the gathering prior to the programme proper, and from that point on the numbers proceeded as on the programme list which follows:

PROGRAMME

INTRODUCTORY
Seven-thirty p.m.

The School Orchestra—

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| (a) Class Colours | <i>Berger</i> |
| (b) Air de Ballet | <i>von Gluck</i> |
| (c) Twinkling Stars | <i>Hawthorne</i> |
| (d) Canadian Boy | <i>Zamecnick</i> |

National Anthem—7:45 p.m.

1. Chairman's Address Joseph M. Leppert
2. Presentation of Field Day Cups and Medals—
 - (a) The A. B. Damude Challenge Cup..... A. B. Damude, M.P
 - (v) The E. J. Anderson Challenge Cup..... E. J. Anderson, M.P.P.
 - (c) The James Thompson Challenge Cup..... James Thompson, C.L.U.
 - (d) The School Cups and Medals..... W. E. Boyes

3. Presentation of Agricultural Prizes to
 - (a) Garden Club Winners—Mr. Albert Nelson, President Welland County Board of Agriculture
 - (b) Potato Club Winners—Mr. Clifford Brown, Chairman, Urban-Rural Relations Committee, Welland Rotary Club
4. Presentation of Principal's Prize in Science, Intermediate Certificates, Commercial Graduation Diplomas, and Honour Awards.....E. L. Crossley
5. Presentation of Graduation Diplomas and Address.....Rev. E. J. Whan
6. Valedictory Address Miss Glenna Julian
7. Dances—
 - (a) Sur le Pont d'Avignon French Folk Dance
 - (b) The Chestnut Tree English Dance
 - (c) The Skaters' Waltz.
8. Physical Culture Demonstration—Pyramids Boys of the School
9. "The Enchanted Isle,"—an operetta based on the themes of Frederic Chopin. Lyrics arranged by Marion Wakeman and music arranged by Ira B. Wilson and presented by the students of the Pelham Continuation School under the direction of William F. Tufford, L.T.C.L., Specialist in Vocal and Instrumental Music. Art by Arnold B. Hodgkins, Campden.

GRADUATES—1939

Graduation Diplomas—General

Doris G. Bauslaugh	Glenna H. Julian	Robert A. McIntosh
Jacqueline J. Benallick	Nick W. Kinach	Frances J. Ross
Evelyn E. Henderson	M. Elizabeth Lewis	Marion R. Traver
David A. Horton	Leo M. Lymburner	June L. Whan

Commercial Graduation Diplomas

Evelyn Beckett	Harold Eller	Fern Parfitt
Elma Cavers	Rhoda Goss	Betty Peacock
Dorothy Cook	Albert Keenan	Anne Todd

Intermediate Certificates

William Alsop	David Johnson	William McKeachie
Marjorie Berg	Evelyn Kelly	George Misener
Shirley Berry	Harold Kinsman	Marjorie Page
Doris Daboll	Douglas Lymburner	Geraldine Rogers
Elizabeth Daw	Dorothy Martyn	John J. Savigny
Joseph Filip	Eleanor McGlashan	Marjorie Shantrý
	Helen Walton	

General Proficiency—Class Honours

Barbara Armbrust	Mabel Fletcher	Marjorie Shantrý
Nancy Armbrust	Eugene Gale	Roland Tebbit
Gordon Beamer	Marjorie Haist	Margaret Traver
Doris Daboll	Douglas Lymburner	Elsie van Berkum
Joseph Filip	Mary McCombs	Robbert van Berkum

"THE ENCHANTED ISLE"



"THE ENCHANTED ISLE"—OPERETTA

Frederic Chopin in the year 1836 made a visit to the Island of Mallorca, in the Mediterranean Sea. He was only twenty-six years of age at the time and while on the Island he wrote some of his finest compositions. Aside from these facts, the events of this libretto are fictitious.

TIME: The fall of the year 1836.

PLACE: A fishing village on the Island of Mallorca.

Characters:

(Prologue by Mary McCombs)

Frederic Chopin, the famous pianist and composer, a delicate and sensitive young man, in ill health William Colcock
 Elena—a young girl of the village Joy Guinn
 Mamma Gomez—the fat, voluble, energetic wife of the village innkeeper, mother of Elena Margaret Tuck
 Papa Gomez—the village innkeeper, father of Elena, a kindly, pipe-smoking ex-fisherman Edgar Ker
 Ramon—a young fisherman, childhood sweetheart of Elena... Keith Swayze
 Rosite, Shirley Berry; Conchita, Mabel Fletcher; and Maria, Marjorie Shantry—friends of Elena.
 Miguel, Paul Bender; Beniot, Paul Tokar; and Juan, Garnet Eller—young fishermen, friends of Ramon.
 Four Smugglers—Arnold Heinrichs, Douglas Haist, Kenneth Hampton and Harold Hodgkins.
 Choruses of Village Youths and Maideas.....Girls and Boys of the School

PRIZE WINNERS

Principal's Prize for Proficiency in Middle School Agricultural Science, value \$10.00 Miss Myrtle Walker

BOYS' GARDEN CLUB

(1) Robbert van Berkum; (2) Cecil Haist; (3) Eugene Gale (4) John Swartz

POTATO CLUB

- | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------|----------------|
| 1. Ray Collver | William Aldrey | John Savigny |
| 2. Robbert van Berkum | Harold Hodgkins | Tommy Smith |
| 3. Lloyd King | Edwin Walton | Gordon Elliott |
| 4. George Misener | Arthur Creamer | |

FIELD DAY

- Senior Boys' Championship Paul Tokar
 —Winner of the A. B. Damude Challenge Cup
- Intermediate Boys' Championship William Alsop
 —Winner of the E. J. Anderson Challenge Cup
- Junior Boys' Championship Lloyd Stirtzinger
 —Winner of the Junior School Cup
- Senior Girls' Championship Eva Secord
 —Winner of the James Thompson Challenge Cup
- Intermediate Girls' Championship Evelyn Kelly
 —Winner of the School Challenge Cup
- Junior Girls' Championship Jacqueline Lampman
 —Winner of the Junior School Cup

EXECUTIVES OF SCHOOL ORGANIZATIONS—1939-40

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------|
| Literary Society | William Colcock |
| Girls' Athletic Society | Eva Secord |
| Boys' Athletic Society | Paul Tokar |
| Editor-in-Chief, School Magazine..... | Gordon Beamer |
| Business Manager | Edgar Ker |
| School Pianist | Elsie Smith |

Special Repeat Performance of "Enchanted Isle"

Dec. 7th, 1939

The big feature of the programme was the Operetta, "The Enchanted Isle," and it proved so popular with the audience that it was repeated by request on the evening of Dec. 7th, and once again the auditorium was filled to capacity. This time P. C. S. was honoured by the presence of Mr. G. Roy Fenwick, Provincial Supervisor of Music. Mr. Fenwick spoke in glowing terms of the efforts of P. C. S. in fostering good music. He congratulated two graduates, Miss Jacqueline Benallick and Mr. Joseph Guinn on their fine selections and hoped that many more P. C. S. students would continue their musical studies.

The background for the Operetta was an especially fine piece of art, the work of Arnold Hodgkins of Campden, and it added greatly to the success of the undertaking.

"THE ENCHANTED ISLE"

An Operetta by the Students of Pelham Continuation School, given on the evening of Dec. 7th, 1939, in the School Auditorium.

PROGRAMME

Introductory 7:45

The School Orchestra—

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------|
| (a) Class Colours | <i>Berger</i> |
| (b) Air de Ballet | <i>von Gluck</i> |
| (c) Twinkling Stars | <i>Hawthorne</i> |
| (d) Canadian Boy | <i>Zamechnik</i> |



MR. G. ROY FENWICK
Supervisor of Music for Province of Ontario

National Anthem at 8:00 p.m.

1. Chairman's Remarks
2. Vocal Selection—Bass—The Trumpeter (J. Airlie Dix)..Mr. Joseph Guinn
Accompanist—Miss Joy Guinn
3. Dances—(a) Sur le Pont d'Avignon French Folk Dance
(b) The Chestnut Tree English Dance
(c) The Skaters' Waltz.
4. Vocal Selection—mezzo-soprano—Selected..... Miss Jacqueline Benallick
Accompanist—Miss Margaret Boyes
5. Physical Culture Demonstration Boys of the School
6. Address Mr. G. Roy Fenwick, Provincial Music Supervisor
7. "The Enchanted Isle"—'an operetta based on the themes of Frederic Chopin
—By the Students of the School

POTATO CLUB ORGANIZED AT P. C. S. FOR 1940

Welland Rotary Club, the Federal Government, and the Provincial Government are all collaborating in sponsoring the cost of prizes to be given the winners in the county contest for potato growing again this year. Some twenty-five boys have qualified for the club this year and it is expected the competition will be keener than ever. The boys will be directed by Agricultural Representative Joseph Wilson again and the potato selected for growing is the "Chippawa," a comparatively new variety.

TREE PLANTING

Students of the school are continuing the programme of tree planting again this year in co-operation with the Pelham Horticultural Society. Already some 37,000 trees have been ordered and these will be planted just as soon as the spring weather arrives. Tree planting and a Flower Show or Display of Tulips, Hyacinths, etc., grown in classes are the major projects of the Agricultural and Horticultural Classes for 1940.

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POTATO CLUB



Seated (left to right)—Robbert van Berkum, Ross Staley (Treas.), John Wiley (Pres.), Lloyd King (Sec.), Don Alsop (Vice-Pres.), George Misener.

First Row Standing—Cecil Haist, Bill Alsop, Joe Filip, Murland Foss, Harold Hodgkins, Keith Zavitz, John Savigny.

Second Row Standing—Peter Tokar, John Swartz, Douglas Cameron, Bruce Lepert, Gerald Freure, Junior Mosley, Frazer Zwierschke.

THE D. C. R. A. CONTEST

The P. C. S. Cadet Corps entered the Dominion of Canada Rifle Association Competition for shooting. The team consisted of nine boys and while there was little chance for practice this year, the results were very favourable and are shown as follows:

OFFICIAL RESULTS

The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association

Name of Competitor	Jan. Score	Feb. Score	March Score
Paul Tokar	88	93	79
Edgar Ker	75	86	87
Donald Alsop	90	94	97
Keith Zavitz	95	84	97
Donald Metler	90	90	92
Ross Staley	79	89	92
Robbert van Berkum	79	89	89
Murland Foss	87	92	95
Kenneth Hampton	96	98	95
Team Score	779	815	823

The School is looking forward to the first Cadet Inspection Day which will take place on May 31, 1940, at 10:00 o'clock. Special drills and signalling exercises are being prepared as well as the regular Ceremonial Drill.

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MEDICINE

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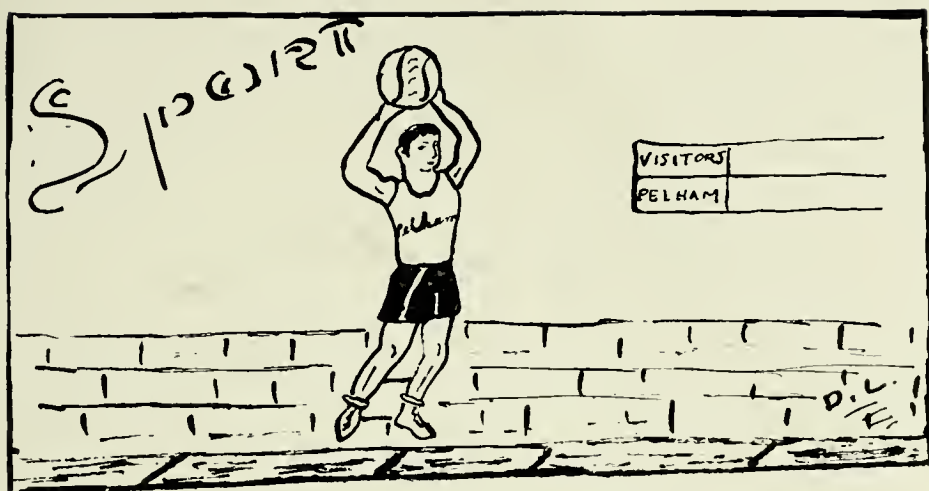
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BOYS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

In the early fall an athletic meeting was held in which all the students participated to elect the officers for the ensuing year. Under the supervision of Mr. R. B. Laing, the following were appointed:

Honorary President	Mr. R. B. Laing
President	Paul Tokar
Vice-President	Gordon Beamer
Secretary-Treasurer	Doug Lymburner
Sport Activities and Assistant	Paul Tokar—William Colcock
Track Captain	Billy Alsop
Form Representatives — Bill Bauer, Stan. Reilly, David Johnson, Donald Metler	

ANNUAL FIELD DAY

Finally the anxiously awaited day for the annual event was approaching. On October 11, 1939, the pupils adjourned to the playgrounds to capture laurels and to win for themselves the title of being the "outstanding athlete of P. C. S." The weather was perfect and several records were established.

Following were winners: Senior boys, Paul Tokar, winner of A. B. Damude Challenge Cup; Intermediate boys, Bill Alsop, winner of E. J. Anderson Trophy; Junior Boys, Lloyd Stirtzinger, winner of P. C. S. Cup.

Records established: In the Senior class, Paul Tokar was the outstanding athlete by breaking five records namely, running broad jump, hop-skip and jump, running high jump, pole vault and shot put. Indeed, Paul made such a splendid showing that we expect to see him win new laurels at the St. Catharines track meet in the spring, and perhaps some day he might . . . ? who knows?

In the Intermediate class Bill Alsop and Ken Hampton were the record-breakers. Bill broke the running broad jump and running high jump records and Ken broke the record for the standing broad jump.

In the Junior class, although there were no new records, there was however, a good showing and more competition. Lloyd made a clean sweep of all the events.

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SOCCER

As the fall days began to get colder, our thoughts turned to Smithville, who were the bitter rivals of the P. C. S. clan. After a few practices, our coach, quite confident that we were in shape, decided we should tackle these laddies.

With the splendid foot-work of Gordon Beamer who accounted for two goals, we fortunately won by a score of 3—2.

A return game was held the following week at Smithville and Gordon again became the hero by scoring the only goal to tie up the score. Thus the final result of the series was P. C. S. 4, Smithville 3.

HOCKEY

With the fine co-operation of Mr. Crossley and the students, we managed to have the rink in shape for the coming hockey season. The Athletic Society wishes to thank the Literary, who have made it possible for us to secure hockey equipment.

Since the weather turned out fine, hockey and ice skating were enjoyed for weeks. The P. C. S. did not have any team this year, but we hope that the boys will get together next year and have a fine hockey club.

INTER-FORM HOCKEY

This was the first year that the classes decided to have form competition. Several games were played, with Form II coming out on top by winning most games. Stan (Pegleg) Reilly, the dynamic youngster from Fonthill, was the star of the team. Keep it up, Stan!

A great season was enjoyed under the capable handling of Mr. Crossley. Our only hope is that the time will come when P. C. S. can put out a championship hockey team.

BASKETBALL

Basketball practices began early in the fall and a group of new members ventured to learn how to play basketball. There was a great scarcity of Senior boys, and the Athletic staff under Mr. Laing decided to enter only a Junior team.

The Junior boys got away to a good start by defeating Port Colborne, but they didn't do as well as was anticipated, since opposition was keener than usual in the Junior Division this year. The team members gained much valuable experience from their games and practices, and as the season progressed showed improvement in shooting and passing. The boys should be complimented on the way they turned out for practices and their perseverance in the face of heavy opposition. Scores were high against them in various cases, but win or lose, the team showed a good reputation for clean sportsmanship.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Laing for his fine coaching and for devoting much of his time to try and establish healthy lads for the future.

SENIOR BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Seniors accompanied by the Grads, played a few exhibition games with various schools. Thanks to the help of R. Secord, L. Lymburner, D. Horton (stars of former years) we were successful in winning a few games. Merritton Seniors nearly gave P. C. S. quite a heart failure in one game, but the local quint. came forth with a 24—23 victory.

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BANTAM BOYS' BASKETBALL

It was decided that a Bantam team should be formed to play exhibition games with other schools. The boys were small and they provided plenty of laughs for the spectators as they bounced around the floor. They were unsuccessful with all their games, but we give them credit for at least trying, as we know they did their best.

INTER-FORM BASKETBALL

Under the supervision of Mr. Laing, inter-form basketball was very successful. Most of the responsibility was held by the students alone. All the scheduled games were refereed by the pupils. The final game was refereed by John Swartz.

Six teams entered the competition and teams 4 and 6 were tied. In the playoffs team 6 (G. Beamer) was successful in eliminating team 4 (P. Tokar).

Special mention: It has been decided that in the following years Field Day will be changed to Sports Day, and we hope that it will be a success.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIETY

President	Eva Secord
Vice-President	Gelna Julian
Secretary-Treasurer	Julia Dilts
Form Representatives	Elsie Smith, Evelyn Kelly, Margaret Traver, Evelyn Crowe.

FIELD DAY

With Field Day being held on the early date of Oct 11, practicing commenced as soon as a re-acquaintance with old P. C. S. was made. With short but persistent practice the winners were provided with keen competition and the spectators with many thrills. The programme of high jumping, broad jumping, hop, skip and jumping, dashes and baseball and basketball throwers was concluded with no rain or snow which was most unusual. The close of a strenuous day heralded the following as victors:

Senior Girls—Eva Secord; Intermediate Girls—Evelyn Kelly; Junior Girls—Jacqueline Lampman.

BASEBALL

Last spring the baseball enthusiasts were numerous; hardly one noon hour slipped by without two teams frantically trying to outswing one another at the bat. There were two games played with Smithville, but Pelham would prefer to keep the results hidden. When this spring rolls around, our girls will do their best to obtain a more evenly balanced score.

BASKETBALL

Basketball practice started with large numbers turning out. It was very encouraging to find so many newcomers anxious to learn to play our mid-winter sport. To Miss M. Dixon we offer our thanks for helping us organize all our athletic organizations and begin the basketball season. To Mrs. McNulty we render thanks for the magnificent way in which she slid into the harness of our basketball responsibilities. As the girls' basketball coach, she gladly offered her time and admirably carried on from where Miss Dixon left off.

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The following record of the basketball games are written from rumours which the officials confirm:

December 14th, 1939—Niagara Falls 40, Pelham 14

With many alterations and additions our team went to Niagara Falls intent on keeping the score more balanced than the game played three years ago. They did very well, too.

Our Juniors playing their first game away from home did admirably well. They were beaten by only (?) 36 points.

January 5th, 1940—Port Colborne 30, Pelham 31

This game, played at Pelham, was really encouraging to a now organized and anxious Senior team. Using the Junior girls for substitutes, P. C. S. won by 31—30 in overtime. We don't always play so rough, !Port!

January 19th—Merritton 20, Pelham 27

Pelham started the league games with a bang! In spite of stiff opposition it was not very hard for our girls to defeat last year's League Winners.

The Junior girls did their best but they had made alterations in their lines and two of their best players were missing. Therefore we do not wonder at the score of 51—4.

January 26th—Beamsville 12, Pelham 17

It was an easy victory for the Senior girls with their superior passing and excellent forward line. The gymnasium proved no handicap this time, or maybe it was the thoughts and dreams of the end of a perfect evening. That end was the invitation to a snack at the home of Mr. Tufford, our music teacher. What a glorious time was had by all!

I almost forgot the Junior girls. With chins up and smiling faces they bravely bore a 27—14 defeat.

February 9th—Merritton 23, Pelham 22

Do I really have to say anything about this game? With fouls a-plenty for both teams, Merritton had wormed its way to the fore. Our first defeat.

The Junior girls were sorely troubled with the gigantic floor, but again they were good losers to the tune of 58—16. An explanatory note regarding our Junior girls might be enlightening. They were really inexperienced—most of the team being "grade-niners."

February 16th

A return game scheduled with Beamsville to be played at Pelham. P. C. S. held a Valentine Dance on that night so the game was indefinitely postponed. After many unsuccessful efforts to arrange the game, Beamsville defaulted. This left the Senior girls of Merritton and Pelham tied for first place in the league.

February 21st—Merritton 46, Pelham—

All that need be said is that Pelham lost. Yet they had played the game as Pelham always plays the game. Afterwards many hearty shouts of congratulations, together with best wishes for the future victories of Merritton were heard floating from the dressing rooms.

The Senior team will be gone by next season, but P. C. S. has much hope in its Junior girls' team. We are warning you to watch their budding basketball possibilities. They will shoot forth undoubtedly in the near future—next year, I wonder. Good luck to you Juniors, we are rooting for you.

Senior Girls' Basketball Team: Forwards—Glenna Julian (captain), Jean Secord, Jean Holder, Marion Mitchell; Guards—Julia Dilts, Doris Daboll. Eva Secord.

Junior Girls' Basketball Team: Forwards—Myrtle Walker, Mary Kowalski, Ruth Brown, Margaret Traver, Marjorie Morris; Guards—Marjorie Holder, Anne Todd (captain), Victoria Walker, Lilly Kinach.

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SKATING PARTIES

With the ice in the height of skating condition, the Athletic Society sponsored two skating parties on the evenings of January 9 and 29. After two hours of skimming over the glossy surface both with steel runners and without them, the hilarious crowd assembled in the gymnasium where scrumptious refreshments—hot-dogs and coffee—were devoured. On the latter night Mrs. Hannah, playing the piano, provided music for a period of dancing. We hope to have more of this next year.



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EXCHANGE

By Marion Johnson

In the past year many excellent magazines have reached us through our Exchange. These magazines keep us in touch with other schools, both near and distant, and help to interest and inspire not only the student body but also the editorial staff in the compilation of the PELHAM PNYX. We wish to extend our hearty thanks to the staff of each of the following magazines:

WESTWARD HO!—Western Technical Commercial School, Toronto. The cover is a smart idea. The sketches in colour and many photographs add distinction and interest to your magazine.

THE BUGLE—Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta. A well illustrated year book. May we suggest more poetry for an improvement.

KELVIN—Kelvin High School, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Poetry and Photography sections are excellent. A very neat and well arranged magazine.

COMMISSIONERS HIGH SCHOOL—Quebec, Quebec. Very good poetry section; we like the account of your school activities.

EASTERN ECHO—Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto. Clever writeup of the Alumni. Your magazine indicates an active student body.

NORVOC—Northern Vocational School, Toronto. The sketches in your magazine are an excellent idea for section heads. How about a larger Humour Section.

VOX COLLEGIENSIS—St. Catharines Collegiate Institute and Vocational School. Your Literary section is very good.

ARGOSY—High School of Commerce, Ottawa. Material could be better grouped. Photographic section is excellent.

PLUMTREE SCHOOL MAGAZINE—Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia. Very glad to have you on our Exchange List.

THE OWL—Belfast Royal Academy. One of our very interesting magazines from overseas. We hope to have you again.

LUX GLEBANA—The Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa. Literary section is good, but an Exchange section seems to have been overlooked.

THE ECHOES—Peterborough Collegiate and Vocational School. Congratulations on your fine magazine. Art is especially good.

OAKWOOD ORACLE—Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto. Sports department indicates that you are an active school.

THE ELEVATOR—Belleville Collegiate Institute and Vocational School. The double page of picture is a very good idea and also amusing. We suggest a more condensed arrangement of material.

VANTECH—Vancouver Technical School, Vancouver, B. C. Your coloured section heads are new. Some poetry would help.

CONNING TOWER—Weston High School. The form notes are well written. Glad to have you on our Exchange List again.

THE YEAR BOOK—Paris High School. Your book is an excellent record of school activities.

The space allotted does not permit us to comment on all the magazines we have received. Our list is growing each year and we thank all those who have exchanged. We shall hope to comment on the others another year and we wish to acknowledge receipt of the following:

NEXUS—Pembroke Collegiate Institute, Pembroke.

THE STUDENT—Welland High and Vocational School, Welland, Ont.

LAMPADION—Delta Collegiate, Hamilton, Ont.

THE PURPLE AND GOLD—Princeton Public and Continuation School, Princeton, Ont.

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THE ORACLE—Woodstock Collegiate and Vocational School, Woodstock,
THE SPOTLIGHT—Trenton High School, Trenton, Ont.
THE HERMES—Humberstone Collegiate, Toronto, Ont.
THE NORTHLAND ECHO—North Bay High School, North Bay, Ont.
THE TWIG—University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ont.
THE REFLEX—College of Optometry, Toronto, Ont.
THE VULCAN—Central Technical School, Toronto, Ont.
THE PURPLE QUILL—Ball High School, Galveston, Texas.

VALEDICTORY--Cont'd from page 52

ademic side of the school a success. Take up our efforts where we have dropped them, surpass them, strive ever toward perfection.

You know, when we stepped into this school for the first time a feeling of awe swept over us. During our five years here this feeling has been overshadowed by a stronger one of familiarity. But now that we are leaving it, awe again fills our hearts. Oh, it's not the building, though we are proud to have such had a fine one. No, it's not the building, but it's the spirit within the building. It's a spirit of co-operation, of friendliness, a spirit of good-fellowship.

And now we're leaving it. But we're not leaving it forever. We will be back. It may be many years before our class is gathered here together again as it is to-night, but some day we hope it will be. And so, until then, on behalf of the graduating class of 1939, may I wish the school, and the teachers, and the students every success. Thank you.

IN MEMORIAM OF MISS WETHERALD

By Joyce Gordon, GRADE IX.

One day just as the maiden spring was entering the year,
There fell asleep a gentle friend, a friend so loved and dear,
That in the hearts of all who knew her sweet and smiling face,
Will leave the fragrant memories of simple charm and grace.

Her soul was like a garden where there was wont to grow
The sweetest thyme and lavender, beloved of long ago.
And with her loving hands she plucked the weeds from out the soil,
And kindest thoughts and words and deeds were products of her toil.

And many other souls like hers did flourish in her care,
And every day in some poor heart she planted lavender.
'Tis not by boisterous, brazen things, nor feats of brawn and dare;
But by the sweet and simple things that we remember her.

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HUMOUR

The woman who fired 5 times at her husband wants him to return home—she misses him so.

We wonder: If our English teacher is a book-worm, is our Geometry teacher an angle-worm?

The English class was asked to write an account of a ball game. The following composition was handed in by Ray Collver—"Rain, No Game."

FOR SALE—Two tame, well-educated mice (they have been through our high school). Apply 3rd Form.

As the ink said to the pen: "Oh, you dip."

Don: "Why did the little mouse leave home?"

Donna: "Because his father was a rat."

A Scotsman from the remote Highlands paid his first visit to London. On arriving at Euston a voice said, "Taxi, sir?"

The fellow shook his head.

After exploring London our Scots friend went on to Bristol. On emerging from the station he heard the familiar hail: "Taxi, sir?"

"No, thank ye," he bawled. "I said 'No!' in London and I meant it. Now stop following me about."

Father: "Johnny, what is this '60' on your report card?"

Johnny: "I-I-I-think that's the temperature of the schoolroom."

Father: "Well, Willie, what did you learn at school to-day?"

Willie (proudly): "I learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir,' and 'Yes, Ma'am,' and 'No, Ma'am'."

Father: "You did!"

Willie: "Yeah"

As one hole in the ground said to the other hole in the ground: "Gee, I feel empty inside!"

One mouse said to another mouse: "Oh, you squealer!"

A small boy at school for the first time began to sob bitterly.

"What's the matter, sonny?" asked the teacher.

"Please, Miss, I don't like school, and I've to be here till I'm 14."

"Oh, don't worry about that," said the teacher, "I've to be here till I'm 65!"

Ted: "Teacher says I have an inventive genius."

Mrs. Guinn (beaming): "Splendid! And what did she say you could invent?"

Ted: "New ways of spelling words."

"Diagrams are delicate things just below the ribs, and above the stomach."

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"Joan of Arc was the daughter of a pheasant."

Dot M.: "Did anyone ever tell you how clever you are?"

Ray C.: "No, I don't think they did."

Dot M.: "Then I'd like to know where you got the idea from."

Uncle: "If I gave you a large apple and a small one and told you to divide it with your brother, which apple would you give him?"

Donald A.: "Do you mean my big brother or my little brother?"

Kenneth Hampton: "Great Scott, who wrote Ivanhoe?"

Sonny Haist: "I'll tell you, if you tell me who the Dickens wrote Oliver Twist."

Bud: "I want to shave but I can't find my mug."

Toni: "It's under your whiskers."

Teacher: "Can anyone tell me what happened after Caesar mustered his army?"

Bill A.: "He peppered the enemy and took the citadel by assault."

Ikey: "Your overcoat is rather loud."

Bill P.: "It's all right when I put on a muffler."

Wong: "You savvy that piano stool you sell me?"

Shopkeeper: "Yes, what about it?"

Wong: "No good! Me twisty, me twirly, again me twisty, but he make no music!"

There was a young man called Paul,
Who grew so tremendously tall,
That, when in bed
He could stretch out his leg,
And turn out the light in the hall.

The subject "Water" had been given as an essay topic.

Keith Swayze wrote: "Water is a white, wet liquid, which turns black when you wash in it."

Gordon Beamer at the P. C. S. Tuck Shop: "How long is my hot-dog going to be?"

Waitress: "Oh, about four and a half inches."

Miss D.: "What do you consider the greatest accomplishment of the Romans?"

Stan Reilly: "Learning Latin."

Bill Colcock, after contributing his story to the editor of the Pnyx: "I got through that story in an hour and thought nothing of it."

Gordon Beamer (Editor): "I got through your story in half that time and thought the same thing."

Farmer: "Where do you wash?"

Camping Boy Scout: "In the spring, of course."

Farmer: "I said where, not when."

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Gordon Beamer (translating French): "I offered my arm to a little girl of short stature."

Harold H.: "Let's skip classes and rake in a show."

John W.: "Can't do it, old man. I need the sleep."

Harold H.: "Is it right that Mr. Laing should punish me for something I didn't do?"

Mr. Crossley: "Why no, what did he punish you for?"

Harold: "For not doing my homework."

In History, we learn that the early settlers used to take back tales of animals to France.

The modern girl is fond of clothes, but not entirely wrapped up in them.

Customer: "Waiter, did you say these eggs were fresh laid?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, fresh laid on toast."

Anabel, after driving into a garage: "Would you tell me what is the matter with my car?"

Mechanic: "Oh, your engine is missing, madam."

Anabel: "That's funny, it was there when I started out."

Miss Dixon: "We know from our texts we should have birch bark, resinous dead limbs and a dead pine stump for building a fire. What else do we need, Gordon?"

Gordon B.: "A match."

Mr. Crossley: "Given: Chas. G. D. Roberts' father was a cannon. Conclusion: Chas. G. D. Roberts was a 'son of a gun'."

There was a young man from the city

Who saw what he thought was a kitty

He gave it a pat

Said, "What a pretty car!"

They buried his clothes out of pity.

The professor was putting the finishing touches to his new concrete pathway. Tommy, aged six, had been watching the proceedings with great interest, and at length, deeming the time right for trial, started to cross before the mixture was dry.

When the professor displayed his annoyance a passer-by observed: "Why, professor, I thought you liked children."

"I like them all right in the abstract," the professor replied, "but not in the concrete."

Bob: "Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"

Mr. Goss: "Certainly."

Bob: "Well, then, shut your eyes and sign my report card."

STUDENTS

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"The worst case of absent-mindedness I've ever come across," began the story-teller, "was a college professor I met in London last year. He was on his way to the lecture room. Half way to the building, he suddenly remembered something.

"Hang it!" he said. "I've forgotten my watch."

Then he put his hand in his pocket, and pulled the watch out to see what the time was.

"Hurrah!" he said, "it's only ten past nine. I've got time to go home and get it!"

Custom Officer (collecting fee): "I hate to do this but it's my duty."

Confucius say:

He who leads with right, will get left.

He who is fat is owner of large corporation.

He who calls on Dorothy Lamour gets sarong number.

He who sits on number of tacks is tactful.

There is no doubt about it, Hitler is a Nazi man.

Man hide in closet in suit but hide in bureau in drawers.

Woman does not have to be blonde to be light headed.

Girl can run for Literary President if president does not run for girl.

Miss De La Mater, picking up the dictionary, remarked emphatically, "I see the dictionary has a nu-back (newback)."

In P. C. S. we have a:

King but no Queen

Daboll but no Highball

Martyn but no Swallow

Holders but no Candles

Haist but no Speed

Page but no Book

Hic(k) but no Beer

Lymburner but no Cheese

Mickey but no Finn

Smith but no Jones

Rogers but no Radio

Brown but no Black

Dell but no Farmer

Berg but no Ice

Peacock but no Feather

Frazer but no River

Hill but no Plain

Ker but no Kennel

Warts but no Lights

We also have freeze-outs instead of black-outs in P. C. S.—Mr. Laing sponsors the freeze-outs!

John (on bus tour, reaching back of another person): "My, those are nice buttons on your coat!"

Annabel: "That's a round-about way to look at buttons!"

John Wiley would like the P. C. S. carpenters to make stair steps so his feet won't slip off. John fell twice in one day, we heard.

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Tired Schoolboy: "Confederation used to be a date, now its half a book of history and two-thirds of the questions on our exams."

Teacher: "What is the difference between an optimist and a pessimist?"

Promising Scholar: "A pessimist wears a pair of garters and an optimist wears a pair of socks."

Jean Secord (on bus thinking we were on our way to the museum): "We're going to see the mummies now."

Bill Alsop (who knew we were going to the City Dairy): "Where is the City Dairy?"

Lloyd King (as we passed a large building): "There's the Rennie Seed Building."

Doug Lymburner: "Where they manufacture seeds?"

FIFTH FORM NOTES

Name	Ambition	Pastime
Gordon Beamer	train midgets	learning to drive a Dodge
Paul Bender	another Richard Greene	pass time
William Colcock	politician	knit two, purl two
Julia Dilts	the opposite sex	making telephone calls
Joy Guinn	charming first formers	shocking people
Marion Johnson	to be sweet and lovable	doing good deeds
Edgar Ker	hockey player	school
Donald Metler	to be a crooner	setting his hair
Marion Mitchell	normal	basketball
Victoria Ned	all movie stars	giggling
Eva Secord	belle of the ball	measles
Margaret Strawn	ask her?	talking
Paul Tokar	a second Syl Apps	Modern History
Margaret Tuck	numerous things	pictures of hockey players
Glenna Julian	skipping school	knitting
Elsie van Berkum	a model housewife	reading murder stories
June Whan	college	chewing gum
John Wiley	bus driver	catching a few winks
Gwen Mitchell	to be a reporter	reading love stories

Mr. Bender: "Did you have the car out last night, son?"

Paul: "Yes, dad, I took some of the boys for a run."

Mr. Bender: "Well, tell the boys I found one of their little lace handkerchiefs."

Mrs. McNulty: "Gordon, turn around. I'm sure Myrtle isn't so enamoured with you."

Love: the quest; Marriage: the conquest; Divorce: the inquest.

Someone observed this roadside sign somewhere in Main: "Eggs—Antiques"

Examination boners: a passive verb is one in which the subject is the sufferer, such as, "He married her."

Mr. Crossley, discussing a fire in a large high school: "It burned down the skating rink, ice and all."

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'Twas really true or it actually happened:

Mrs. McNulty: "Use 'felicitous' in a sentence with a noun "

Mabel: "He was a felicitous bachelor "

Delora: "She was a felicitous bride."

Victoria: "He was a felicitous groom."

Wm. Colcock: "It was a felicitous wedding."

At last we know that's how we obtain communities.

Mr. Crossley in Upper School English, discussing a tragic ship-wreck:

"We saw great fierce fish, that thirst for blood

Pass slowly, then repass."—the 'repast' came afterwards.

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Drake and Barron, Funeral Directors, Fonthill	78	Professional Directory, Medicine	64
Ector's Drug Store, Welland	91	Queen's University, Kingston	2
Erie Coach Lines	64	Red and White Store, A. Benallick, Fenwick	6
Evelyn Beauty Shoppe, Welland	90	Reid Bros., Grocery, Welland	92
Fashion Cloak and Fur Co., St. Catharines	89	Reilly & Reilly, Shoe Store, Welland	92
Fenwick Bakery, O. Hannigan, Fenwick	70	Robbins Flour and Feed, Fenwick	62
Fonger, Dr. I. E., Dentist, Fenwick	70	Robin's Shoe Store, Welland	92
Fonthill Garage, A. R. Minor, Fonthill	78	Robinson Business College, Welland	94
Frame's Pharmacy, Welland	89	Rogers, Dr. R. F., Dentist, Welland	92
Gay Bros., Bakery, Niagara Falls	89	Rosberg's Department Stores, Welland, Niagara Falls	86
General Films Limited, Toronto	86	Ross Co. Department Store, Welland	88
Giles, A. L., Electrical Contractor, Fonthill	78	Royal Bank, Fenwick	68
Green Lantern, Fenwick	1	Ryerson Press, Toronto	86
Haist, Asa E., General Store, Fenwick	2	Shepherd, J. L., R.O., Optometrist, Welland	88
Haist, N. P., Drug Stores, Welland	88	Sinclair, Dr. G. A., Welland	90
Haist's Feed Store, Fenwick	70	Smith's Stationery, Welland	88
Hampton's East End Store, Fenwick	70	Stallwood's Garage, Fonthill	72
Heinrich's Garage, Fenwick	62	Sun Life, Jas. R. Thompson, St. Catharines	80
Hendry, George M., and Co., School Supplies, Toronto	84	Sun Rays Bread Co., Welland	93
Hilder's Furniture Store, Welland	91	Sunset Gladiolus Garden, Fenwick	70
Hoffman, J., Coal Dealer, Fenwick	66	Tait's Optometrist, St. Catharines	80
Howell, B. E., Grocery, Fonthill	78	Tennant, S. W., Tobacconist, Welland	92
Imperial Bank of Canada, Fonthill	76	Theal's Drug Store, Welland	92
Insurance, General, H. F. Ostrosser, Fenwick	68	Turner's Corners, Lunches, etc.	72
Julian Nurseries, Fenwick	66	Underwood, Elliot Fisher, Ltd., Toronto	86
Kappler's Meat Market, Groceteria, Fenwick	4	University of Western Ontario, London	4
Lahey, G. R., Men's Store, Welland	91	Victor Fashion Shoppe, St. Catharines	89
Lampman and Son, Funeral Service	68	Warren-Knit, St. Catharines	80
Leon, A., Department Store, Welland	88	Watson, Jack, Sporting Goods, Toronto	84
Lindsay Lumber Co., Ridgeville	74	Welland-Port Colborne Evening Tribune	93
Lorraine Floral Gardens, Fenwick	62	West Disinfectant Co., Toronto	80
Luellan Beauty Shoppe, Fenwick	72	Willey Studios, Welland and Fonthill	72
		Zwierschke, Charlie, Decorator, Fonthill	62

Mr. John J. Savigny
 Mrs. William Aldrey
 Son + daughter
 Maid
 Butler
 Grampa
 Hegerich.
 Harold Hinson
 L. J. Kelly

Autographs



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 Metal Sketcher
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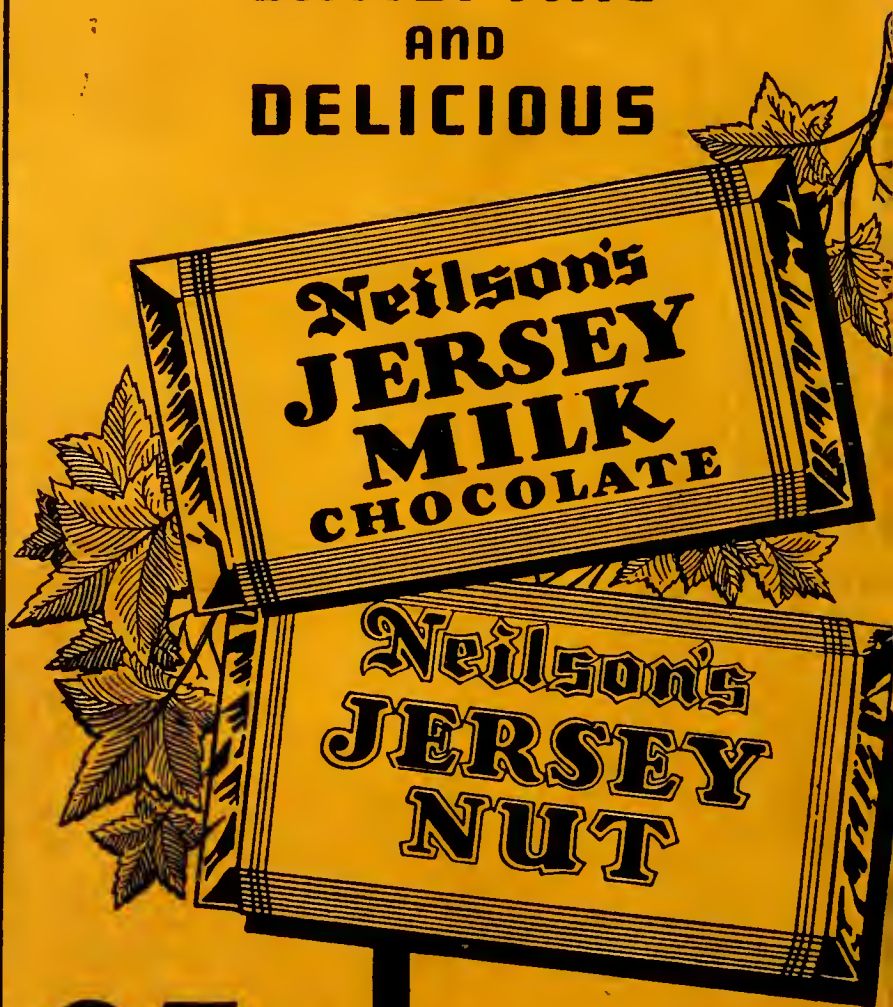
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